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WILD OATS.

BY RUBEL LYNN.

Sow you the field by morning bright,
With labor earth and warm and light,
For human seed in sore might?
While breezes send.

Sow you the gay young sowers there,
Their careless hands as free and fair,
Flinging the wild oats everywhere,
Like harmless seed?

Heed you their low but exultant shout,
As cold the faith found absent out,
While gleaming fang their mouths surround,
Above the seed?

Soft rippling notes from woman's tongue,
Make music as she idly hangs,
And paints from sight the coming pangs
Of human need.

Saw you fair brows wreathed with the vine,
Above not eyes whose glorious shine
Followed their gleeful sowing line
Until for one?

The white, the sowers' footsteps guy
Trod down pale blossoms in their way,
And mingling tones "Heigho!" and "Nay!"
Through springing seed.

Only wild oats—a merry crop!
"Tended gaze, nonchalance, o'ercast sorrow,
Without a harvest in top?
The fateful seed.

* * * * *

See you the reapers' nearing sight,
With troubled fears warn and white,
Who with remorse sad wan with night?
Yet must they reap.

See you the sickle rise and fall,
Through autumn grain grown sweet and tall,
Mid passed summer joys and thrill?
Yet must they reap.

The sun is down, the night is nigh,
Gray, solemn clouds o'ercast the sky,
Through withered ay and by?
Yet must they reap.

Poor faded garlands for sheaves,
Covering waste and shame,
And their wrapped-dun grieves lost sun;
Yet must they reap.

From many a furrow gaping there
Rises some disregarded prayer,
Oh, sullen reapers can you hear?
Yet must they reap.

Too late! the reaper hath spurned,
Wail once have repented not and fear,
To cruse she wasn't now weeping in vain.
The crop is reaped.

AGNES PERCY;

OR,

THE RIVAL HEIRS OF ABBOTSWOLD.

A STORY OF SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

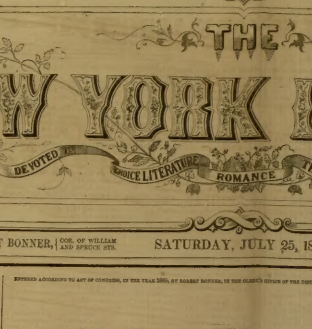
By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF ABBOTSWOLD.

An old old structure was that Abbotswold Castle, and yet grand and imposing in its way. During the reign of the first Edward—Henry II.—a certain Archibald Percy received from the king, for valuable services against the French in Normandy, a huge tract of land on the northern coast of Norfolk. The conquerer had bestowed this same land, then a vast forest, upon a neighbor Abbot, and thereon upon an eligible eminence near the sea, the holy knight had erected an abbey; and so the estate came to be called Abbots Wold. During the reign of Stephen the abbey was demolished, and when Sir Archibald came into possession, he erected a stout castle upon the site of the abbey, and lifting the original name he retained it, simply giving the old name terminations, thus rendering it Abbotswold. During the wars of the Red and White Roses, the castle, being in an exposed position, suffered much. The outer walls were battered down; the moat filled up; and the keep itself sadly shaken; and for a long time it remained in this battered state. During the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Percy, created a marquis, having gained by marriage a large fortune from another quarter, turned his attention to the rebuilding of the house of his ancestors. Two of the old towers were found to be perfect, and with a comparatively trifling expense the keep was restored. And then Sir Thomas went and erected a sprawling mansion in addition to the restored portion of the original structure; also laying out a large park, and otherwise improving the place. By the letters patent granted to Thomas, the marquisate was made an hereditary honor, and descended to the holder at his death. His descendants, in their pace with their times, made such alterations and additions as their tastes suggested, until at the time of which we write, there had grown up a curious combination of the old style of masonry of the Plantagenets the more tasteful architecture of Elizabeth's reign, together with the comforts and conveniences of more modern times. It was a castle when first built; Sir Thomas called it a castle after he had reconstructed it; and now, as we introduce it to the reader—George II., D. G., 1736—it still bears the old name—ABBOTSWOLD CASTLE.

On a pleasant afternoon in early autumn, when the corn was ripening and the husband-man was preparing his garner for the reception of the fruits that was to keep himself and his loved ones through the year to come, a small party of ladies and gentlemen stood upon one of the terraces in front of the castle; and while others gazed off upon the varied scene spread out to their view from that height, which was to the Eastward, the land sloped gently down to a thick hedge, beyond which to arise a rough, rocky eminence, extending to the broad embouchure of a river. Little of the bay, however, could be seen from that point, the bold promontory, or headland of rock, effectually covering it; but the distance of three miles, or thereabouts, a narrow ribbon of silvery water sparkled in the sunlight, and beyond this, upon another rocky headland, was to be seen an old fort, the large



AN OVERWHELMING ANNOUNCEMENT.

black guns still lying upon the ramparts, and a solitary sentinel pacing up and down upon the parapet. To the left the land sloped more gradually than on the other hand, and the scene was of great beauty, being a mixture of rock and wood beyond. In front an open park sloped down towards the river, here and there studded with the tall broken bers and there by winding paths, low hedges of evergreens, and occasional shrubs, and sturdy trees, sloped away full half a mile, to a stout wall and high hedge of hawthorn, and to a point in the centre of which all the paths in the park converged, there emptying into the main avenue, and there dividing the green gate, with narrower gates on either side, and here stood a well-built lodge, with its own little garden and out-houses, where the porters of Abbotswold had lived for many and many a year. Beyond this wall and this fair King's highway, cutting through the park, and this, still, were the numerous cottages belonging to the tenants, in which lived the farmers, and the laborers, and the still further on crowded the boors of the sea, his wares, when he could get them to carry, often breaking over the beach that stood nearest to the shore. And the view was still further on to the right hand, and to the left, were Islands, large and small, and the high-houses reared their gable ends and cots of the dark blue back-ground—one of the largest an island far out to sea, and the other upon the rocky promontory just beyond the fort.

Around to the left hand of the western tower of the castle, and gaze off in the opposite direction from the sea, and there lay the same park stretching away in a dense forest to the South-west and Westward for many miles, when, on the other hand, some two or three miles distant, there was to be seen the glistening spires and the light of the declining sun, by the village of Abbotswold—every spire, and every roof of a land, save one spot which had been given to be in the rector, belonging to the lord of the castle.

Will might people carry the noble owner of all this property; and yet he had his trials, and was as liable to suffer as those who gained so enviously upon him.

And now let us return to the party where we left standing upon the terrace. That middle-aged man, of bold front, and strongly marked features in black velvet, with buckler of gold upon his shoes, and a sparkling diamond of great value and beauty in his frilled shirt front, is John Percy, the present Marquis of Abbotswold. He is hale and hearty, somewhat stern of aspect, but yet of a kind heart, given to trust the above every sordid thing of material good, and ready always to lend a helping hand to any good work.

The youth by the lord's side, with a look in his hand, is Eustace Percy, a son of the marquis, and his heir by right of primogeniture. The lad and his brother Albert is twenty. Albert, bold, dashing, and handsome, but loose in principle, for a hunting vacation, is to succeed to the ten-ship of the great estate, and the difference existing between the Church and the Army. The marquis says nothing to Albert, but in a quiet way; the marchioness speaks for the church, while the boy himself prefers the army. A most wonderful and particular as it may seem, a certain beautiful maiden, who even now exists by and palpitating glances at the pale student, and his brother Albert in the gay soldier. He knows there will be danger; but she thinks she could love a hero; and she knows that she would be a hero if he were a soldier; for she knows that he is noble and true, and that a lover youth never lived.

Eustace Percy stood by his father's side, having just been called out from an other where he had been engaged in study. He was tall and well-formed; and though there were slight lacks of development in his person, yet he gave token of great muscular power to come with maturer age. His face was strikingly handsome. His brow broad and high; his eyes large and brilliant, and of a clear, cerulean blue; the outline of his profile of the finest Grecian cast; while his hair, of a golden brown, cropped short over the white, full brow, was suffered to float over his shoulders and back in massive curls. Such was the youth of nineteen years.

The marquis gazed off upon the fisherman's cot at his right, and directly a heavy shadow rested upon his own face.

"It is the way," he said, speaking in a low tone, but loud enough to reach the ears of his son, "that the Lord has pointed out for me. A fair land have Callington's cottage of late as he used to do."

Eustace stood his head without replying.

"I know what you mean," said Sir John, suddenly, "Almighty there are others, and I suppose, for the consequences Agatha Callington is very beautiful, and I wonder not that the boy is smitten; but he should remember his station, and how fitting a match upon his house directly under the shadow of his own house. I will speak with him. I should have done so before. I have neglected my duty."

"Oh, no, Percy, you HAVE neglected your duty; and that neglect hath given birth to a curse that shall be so heavily upon your house in the coming time that one whom you now love and cherish shall, under the fiery touch, wish that he had never been born!"

Eustace Percy started, and his face grew pale, for you know we have to have a grand time with them. Eustace? What is it? You are ill?"

"No, no, dear lady. It is only a passing thought. I will hasten it speedily."

"What means she?"

"The horses are waiting, and there come men out from the wood bearing something like a litter."

AP—what is it?

And still the human walk—walk so slowly that men who bear something like a litter can keep up with them. Slowly, slowly—but nearer and nearer still, until those who bear the litter—for a litter it is—come up to the terrace and set their burden down.

The bystanders see that it is one that litter, and with a mighty groan he buries his face in his hands, and sinks down upon the ground at his side.

The marchioness sees what is upon that litter, and with a low, wailing cry, she sinks fainting by his side.

Eustace Percy gazes upon the thing which has been borne upon the litter, and with both his hands clasped and his eyes turned heavenward, he sinks down upon the seat of his dear brother!

Alas—Eustace Percy is no more for the church —no more for the army. He is the heir of Abbotswold, and the only living child of John Percy.

The sad story was told in a very few words. Albert Percy had lost his life as heedless had lost their lives before. Excited in the chase—determined to lead the party,—bent upon being the first to reach the game, he urged his horse over a barrier too high for the leap; and when the animal refused to clear, they found horse and rider both dead!

"Where is Eustace?"

Gertrude, Haworth was the marchioness's maid, and she was waiting to care for her mistress.

"Where is the girl?" demanded the marquis, who had recovered sufficiently to look to the interest of his fainting wife. "Send Gertrude Haworth here instantly!"

But Gertrude Haworth was not to be found; and by-and-by the old porter came, and informed his master that the girl had gone away to her father's cottage.

By this time the marchioness had recovered so far as to be able to understand what was going on around her, and she exclaimed her maid by saying:

"Poor Gertrude! She has been ailing for some time. I had her permission that she might go home. Send for Mary. What is it? Where——"

She had forgotten what had caused her fainting; but, as she spoke, her eyes rested again upon the burden which the stout men had borne up from the wood, and again her senses forsook her.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed since the event which had made Eustace Percy heir of Abbotswold. The funeral had taken place, and the bereaved ones had sought strength and support at the feast of Heavenly Mercy until they were installed to calm and tranquil resignation.

Among the servants, and among the numerous tenants, there had at first been a deep feeling of sorrow for the dead, and sympathy for their living; but these lowly and dependent people found a nearer and more palpable source of consolation than the lord and his family had found. The exchanger, they felt sure, would prove a blessing to them; and since it had been ordered in the Book of Fate that Albert Percy was to die young, they were glad he had died ere he became their lord; and they were fortunate glad that Master Eustace, so good and so kind, was to succeed his father.

It was early evening, and the servant who brought candles to the library for the marquis informed him that one of his tenants was in the hall, and wished very much to see him.

"Who is the man?"

"It is Owen Callington, the fisherman, my lord."

"Show him up." A dark shadow settled upon Sir John's face, and his fingers worked convulsively, one with another.

By and by the man came—a stout, good-looking fellow, of middle-age; his face made dark by exposure to wind and weather in sailing upon the water; but not dark enough to hide the native ruddiness that gave him such character in his manhood.

The fisherman begged his lordship's pardon, for he had come to talk upon a very unpleasant matter, and his manner showed him, and he was formed to go on.

The marquis laid his hands, and bade his visitor proceed.

"Your lordship took his start—told the story of his poor, fatherless daughter—and in a few words, in a straightforward manner.

"Good answer," he said, wiping a tear from his eye. "I am sorry for Gerald's sake that it is so; if your son, and your daughter, were not of the poor only he cared a straw. My own sweet Agatha that had fallen into the snare of the fowler! I don't care how deeply he stoops; though when I see my poor child thus ruined, I feel as if I could curse her that she was ever spoke of. I think I ought to curse him. But he did not do it. He loved her, honored her all the time. He cheered poor Agatha up by promising that he would marry her. Whom else there but her child would soon be born she dared not tell. Then he was sent away, and I intercepted Master Albert tells her that he'll marry her. He goes and buys a good-for-nothing vessel to set the priest, and they had the marriage performed at Caistor."

"Where?" asked the marquis.

"In the Church of St. Albert, and the keys easy enough, and carried them back when he had done with them. And my poor girl never knew of the trick that had been put upon her until she was too late to undo it.

The marquis asked further questions, and the fisherman answered them readily.

At length Sir John arose and paced up and down the room for many a while, and seemed his seat he was calm and collected.

"Owen Callington," he said, "I have no doubt that Albert was the father of your daughter's child. Is there any doubt of it?"

"Yes, your lordship. And if you could but see her——"

"Never mind," interposed the marquis, with an admonitory wave of his hand. "I believe you have told me the truth, and now I will make you a proposition. I will do what I can for you and for your daughter, you promise that this thing shall be kept a profound secret. My wife does not suspect such a thing, and my son, Eustace, thinking as he does of his brother, is also that they should remain ignorant. On my part I will keep my word. Let your daughter wake this child lives and she lives, the sum of five hundred pounds shall be paid into your hands by bankers, in quarterly instalments; and should she die before the child is born, the instalment will amount is paid before during his lifetime. At my death you will be remembered, and will call the child——"

"We have no name but Albert, your lordship." The man saw a frown upon the face of the marquis, and he paused and hesitated. "I mean that the lad, Sir John—she loved him truly and well—he shall be called Albert Callington."

"So be it then," pursued the marquis. "And now you may go. I will put it down in my will that this sum shall be paid to Albert Callington while he lives. Why did you not come sooner?"

It was for, very far, more than the poor man had dared to hope for. He had had a vague feeling that his daughter would be cleared, and he would receive a little pecuniary aid; but so far as his influence could go, a knowledge existed that that evening transpired should be gathered by any one outside his own family, and he would, if possible, hold the child forever in ignorance or his true parentage.

And when Owen Callington reached his cottage cot, he told to his wife and to his child what the marquis had asked him to promise; and they both agreed with him that they would keep their secret within their own bosoms; and Agatha said that she certainly hoped her child might never know who its father was.

Poor Agatha! She had been tempted once,

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the Rifle thought how soon she might be tempted again!

Late on that fifteenth night John Percy knocked at his bedside, and earnestly prayed to God that the crime of life dead on that night might not be visited upon the heads of the living.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE HIGHWAY.

Since the day on which the thirteen forks of Albert Percy was borne up from the wood to the harvest in front of the castle, long and weary years have passed. Almost an age. Boys and girls have grown to be men and women; young men and maidens have become middle-aged; and those who were in the prime of life have passed away across the dark river to that unseen land whence no visitant hath yet returned to tell us what it is like.

Great changes have taken place at Abbotswold Castle. John Percy and his wife have been dead these ten years. Eustace Percy is the sole squire now, and Isabel St. John, that was, has been his wife almost twenty years. Of the servants, some are new, and some are old. The porter at the gate still holds out; and although a younger man is kept there to do the work, yet Paul Allbright, creeping on towards thirty, fancies that he was never smarter than he is now. My lady's maid is the same that served the former mistress's chiefest, and a more faithful servant cannot be found. Gertrude Harewell is her name, and, if I remember rightly, she was saved the pain of leaving the ghostly form that the stout ox—torn upon their shoulders up from the wood, having been at that time sick and in bed at her own home. Then she had a father and a mother; but they have both died since, and she is now the sole support of her aged parents. And the matipole and the marchioness are dead, and I trust that in the sad events of the past seem to have affected her very deeply; and since the tragic death of Albert Percy she has never smiled as she used to smile in the other years. Some of the servants—those who pride themselves upon their punctuality—have whispered that she has been waiting—and loved the handsome heir of Abbotswold; and sure it is that, when she had a lock of hair in a little golden case—a lock of hair which she had been seen to kiss many times—the sweet lock of hair wonderously like the locks that graced the head of another. Now, to whom was that? Even among the lowly fisherman upon the coast, there were many that could tell to whom she sold an ginny as were his.

One child has been born to Eustace Percy; and only one. Isabel once very near dying when she became a mother, and the husband and the husband that she could never rear a large family. But that one child has been enough to command all the love of the happy parents. A girl, and they call her Isabel after the mother of Abbotswold, and the fisherman who sometimes come up to the castle, and the people from far and near, who come there as visitors, do not speak falsely when they declare that Miss Percy is the most beautiful girl they ever saw. As light and as fairy as Ariel, and as gay and as joyous as a sprite from the realms of eternal happiness; as lofty and as beautiful as the sweetest vision that ever visited the luxurious son of Islam in his dreams of heaven; and yet as true and as good as the most devout and humble teacher of Christianity ever spoke of pure morals bound here on earth. No wonder that everybody loved Agnes Percy; and no wonder that her parents regarded her with feelings akin to worship. The fire was kindled upon the hearth for that child was almost painful; and during the eighteen years of her life none of them but had been our constant prayer. Sometimes,when the thought of losing her came to his mind, he would become so weak as to be almost sick; but she was growing up strong and well, and he looked now to see that no cloud settled upon her young life.

Since Sir John's death—a time now ten years ago—General Sir Rupert Ashton had been regularly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, of each year, and dropped in, as an old, powerful fellow, who held his club in a meaning manner, or came to make a match of the tanker between the old mariner and his grandchild. It was a time for his old friend to be looked forward to; but about a year ago, as Eustace learnt from the banker, the latter was told of his wound, accord, for it was a subject with Eustace never broached; that there had been cruel words with man Albert with him, and introduced him; and since then the money had been paid to Albert Callington's own order.

Sir Eustace had no doubt in his own mind concerning the meaning of this. He had never asked any questions, and had never broken a word from any one on the subject, but still he believed that this young fellow was the son of his brother's illegitimate child; and so believing, he not only met the matter with a cheerful heart, but he resolved, if the opportunity ever presented itself, to do something for the lad's young.

Towards the last of October, in the year 1713, the Marquis of Abbotswold had a quarrel with his brother Sir Rupert, and he went down to attend to it. As he was preparing to set forth his wife suggested that he had better take some of the servants with him.

"I can't know," she said, looking up into his face with tender solicitude, "that there are not dangerous persons abroad, and that many desperate characters have not come to the very section of country which you are to traverse. And then you must remember that you are going to take down a large sum of money with you."

But the marquis only laughed at his wife's fears.

"I shall wear my sword," he said; "and I shall have a brace of very good pistols at my saddle-bow. I am not afraid, and one will think it worth their while to molest me."

And certainly, as he drew himself, with his forty years of manhood developed into a presence of marvelous physical power, it did not seem that any single man would have sought an encounter of the advantages. The marquis was well aware that the men whom she feared were not to the habit of traveling about singly. However, the marquis sought to him away her fears, and bidding her not to be on the low-lying day, he set forth.

The Marquis of Abbotswold reached Norwich his late to do business with his banker that day; so he sought out a few of his friends with whom he passed a very pleasant evening. On the next day he did his business, and soon after he was ready to set forth on his return, with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, a portion of which he intended to send to London by his confidential agent, who was going thence by water.

His birthday had not observed that man but followed close upon the heels of the Lord of Abbotswold; nor had he observed that those same men had left Norwich shortly after in Sir Rupert; and when he stood in the banker's office, and put his well-filled pocket-book into his pocket-book, he paid no attention to the man who came in to get silver for a five-pound note; and had he seen that this man went out and joined other men, and that they all rode away in the northward together, he would probably have paid no heed, for his thoughts had never once dwelt upon the proposition that any man could plot against his person. From the day on which he came into possession of the broad acres of his home he had made it his chief study to work for the good of those dependent upon him; and he had reason to believe that everybody loved him. The darkest cloud that had yet settled down upon him came with the death of his kindred, and that there could come clouds from another source he had not considered. The nearest he had come to it, had been when a nameless, shapeless fiend would dim the sunshine of life with thoughts of his fair child.

The marquis had only about thirty miles to ride, and in the afternoon was pleasant, he suffered his horse to jog along at pleasure; but in the course of an hour, or so, a change came over the character of the scenery. Woods gave to the eastward, and the light breeze had changed into a keen, cutting wind, that made the chill wholesome: its breath. Seeing and feeling this change, he was glad that he was on his horse on a better pace; and in this way he sped on until he reached Walsingham, where he stopped at the Red Lion to let his horse breathe awhile. The distance from this place to Abbotswold was not more than twelve miles, and pretty soon he set forth again. He had ridden five miles, or so, and was thinking that he must hurry on if he would reach home before dark, when he observed that directly ahead was a cross-road, and that two men, on foot, were coming out into the highway. He might not have paid any attention to this had he not observed, a moment previous, that two more men were coming out from the "byway on the right, and that they had both taken to a bridge pace; and in this way he sped on until he reached Walsingham, where he stopped at the Red Lion to let his horse breathe awhile. The distance from this place to Abbotswold was not more than twelve miles, and pretty soon he set forth again. He had ridden five miles, or so, and was thinking that he must hurry on if he would reach home before dark, when he observed that directly ahead was a cross-road, and that two men, on foot, were coming out into the highway. He might not have paid any attention to this had he not observed, a moment previous, that two more men were coming out from the

THE SLEEPING MOTHER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

The Earth has fallen fast asleep, her purple eyelids hid,
With golden lashes darkening the splendors of her lid.

She is a loving mother, and she has a loving breast,
And now her pulse is regular, her rest is deep and good.

Break not her slumber, softly go,
O, careless band of marriage!
A mother's sleep is sweet, you know,
But cradle is left incipient.

O all day long her children claim her every thought and care,
Her children's children and her own, yet she has none to spare.

Her cheerfulness is never gone, her smile is always there,
And O her heart is happy when her eyelids close in prayer.

And slumber creeps around her head, a kind, gentle thief,
With silent, joyous theft.
And it a dream disturb her rest,
'Tis of her children still.

She's dreaming now—she slumbers still within her nurse ling,
The ruby gems of the magnificent firmament
With golden lanterns lighted to the pale horizon's brow,
When Lona proudly praises on her shining silver steed;
And from the sleeper's quiet heart
Is coined no sigh to mar her rest.
She comes to clasp the mother's part,
She's coming!

Dear Mother Earth! our love for her, though foster children we,
Is pure and true and fashioned as the love we give our own.
Weak infants in her bosom rest, we thrive and rapidly grow,
For us she sings her sweetest songs, for us her fountains rise;
What wonder, when our Father's voice
Calls us his children, ours?
We often cling to her in fear,
And know in time I shall.

Breath not her slumber, softly blow, O zephyr light and free,
She is a mighty mother, and is wiser far than we.
She always satisfies—she has a store for all who come with song;
She would not stifle if they could foe—it may be she could say:

"Try from my breast, fly far and fast,
And fly wherever you will,
You are my children to the last,
By love unseen and still."

WILLFUL LOTTIE:

OR,

WHAT WILL BE DO NEXT!

BY FRANCIS HINDMAN BAINES.

She is active, stirring, all free,
Curious one, wanting to see
A storm she had given life. Sherwood.

Lottie Merrill was an only child and her widowed mother's rural home near Baltimore, to visit her father's sister in New York, and see if, perchance, a rich but offended old uncle, named Hiram Wishart, might not change his mind.

Nothing of much importance transpired to interest her particularly, until she had changed cars; and was en route for Philadelphia.

This train changed in the same depot crowded. For several miles she had shared the seat with an old lady, whose retaining her share of such dimensions, as made it necessary for Lottie to make herself very comfortable in about one-fourth of the seat. However, to her great satisfaction, the old lady took her departure at one of the way stations. But just as she had smoothed out her ruffled, and began to feel very happy of breathing space, she was arrested by a soft, pleasant voice asking:

"Will you allow me to share your seat?"

Looking up, she beheld a tall, genteel gentleman, with large brilliant dark eyes, and soft black hair, parted back from the full, high forehead, but her idea of a handsome man.

With a pleasant bow he took the vacant seat for him.

Many were the polite attentions he offered her in the way of papers, books, and information relative to the various stopping places. These she received rather coldly, remembering her mother's advice to be very reserve of strangers.

Surely this splendid looking fellow must be a gentleman, she thought. But one cannot tell, and know if he was honest, so she could hear and say no thing. She wished she had kept his advice, and left her to follow her own inclination. When however, she found out she was not going to New York, and resided there, she was prone no longer against her conduct attempts at conversation. She told him where she was going, and the name of her relations, and the history of her married, when the suspected individual told her that he had been to college with her cousin Jo ha; had frequently met the young ladies at parties, and had on one occasion, on the day of New Year's day, called at the house, and should be in the future, with her permission, a frequent visitor. It was all right then; she could, and did trust him, and was very pleased to meet a friend at Jersey City, and were met by Julian Tracy, who formally presented to Alfred Dexter Worth.

Fixing her in the carriage waiting, while Julian looked after her baggage, Dr. Worth told her he should take an early opportunity of calling, and expressed the hope that this accidental acquaintance should be of lasting and mutual satisfaction. Thanking Julian for the invitation to come soon, and promising to send for Lottie, he took his departure.

We shall pass over the meeting with her aunt and cousin, only saying that Mrs. Tracy was well pleased with Lottie's appearance, and was a fine elder daughter:

"She is not at all stylish or showy, but pleasant and decidedly taking. She will be sure to make an impression on the school."

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The principal cause of complaint was her entire disregard of the most devoted and continued attentions of young Percival Pitzhugh. He being the most desirable match in the city; the only son and heir of a wealthy banker, who, rumor said, had declared his intention of turning over to his young hopeful the comfortable sum of a million to commence married life with. In this as it might, Mrs. Tracy having singled him to rain for him, in behalf of her daughter, welcomed the prospect of having him in the family some how.

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"I can't help it, auntie. I don't like Pitz. I am very sorry if he has any idea of offering such indecencies to me. But I really think you are mistaken. He is in love only with himself," replied Lottie.

"It is of no use suggesting such brilliant prospects to Lottie, ma; for it is very plain to her to whom her heart is turning, if not entirely gone. Dr. Worth is the favored one. I always your taste, little cousin; the doctor by a splendid fellow. I should likely enough have fell my heart in danger long ago, if it had not been guarded by two strong barriers—one being the fact of his unmistakable devotion to yourself; showing plainly how appreciate. No one could be. The other quite as formidable. He is no poor man, but a rising member of the bar, has nothing in the world but his profession, and was a widower and childless. It seems very hard that Fortune should have treated so shabby one on whom Nature had bestowed so bountifully her good gifts," said May Tracy.

"Why, Mary, you a worry air, stupid fright out of the room, deigning no reply. I think she dared not venture on this subject for fear of revealing what was hidden in the deepest recesses of her heart from every mere possession of which she no longer held. It was fluttering like a frightened bird, doubting, waiting only to be wooed to fly and find a haven in the bosom of young Richmond Worth.

"Joe's words were prophetic. But not in the light he meant," she whispered at midnight to herself. "I believe I was trapped and robbed in the most cruel way; but to make me I cannot regret it."

Lottie had been with her aunt about a month, when a very remarkable event took place, which almost changed her future welfare. But I must not anticipate.

Her cousin May and Florence had made an engagement for her to sit for a picture at a celebrated photographic artist.

The day was beautifully clear and bright—but bitterly cold. Lottie declared she would not go if they ordered the carriage.

"It was kept on the poor horses, and the driver had a terrible cold besides. It was really inhuman, and she wanted to walk in the cold, bracing air. If they got tired they could ride in the cars. She knew no other way to go."

So she carried her way, and they departed, accompanied by a very confirmed coward, Mr. Pitzhugh.

Julian was waiting for their return. At last they came.

"Where is Lottie?" was the universal question.

"Indeed, ma, Lottie is the most wilful and determined girl I ever saw, and does the strangest things. She was as cold as ice, and the wind blowing so as stop her when she makes up her mind to do anything," exclaimed Mrs.

"Well, tell us where she is. I'll venture all my worldly goods that whatever she has done is good and kind—yes, and proper too," said Julian, who was very much maligned by Lottie, in a cousinly way.

"I'll tell you what she did, and then you will see how proper it was. Where she is, we don't know."

"After we got through down town, Pitzy complained of headache, and wished to return to ride home. Mr. Pitzhugh was going to engage a carriage, but Lottie would not hear of it in the cars, and off she flew and jumped in one just passing. Of course we had to follow."

"The car was quite crowded, and when we got in, there was a poor old woman with a baby in arms, miserably dressed, with a large carpet-bag. Up sprang Lottie, and insisted on her taking her seat, placed him tenderly and comfortably in it, and then actually made her take his, then."

"It was mortified enough. I was afraid the people might think he was something to us. We were, in fact, very much ashamed of Lottie's conduct, which the car stopped and that old man was making his way out, with looks of horror and amusement when she whispered to me:

"'I will be on presently. I'm going to help this old gentleman on his way with his baby.'

"Here comes the truant now. Come, answer for yourself. Where is it?" as Julian gave a cousinly pinch to her ear. You are charged with visiting at the rates regulating the cabmen's fares and graces of town-bred ladies. We still have to hear you have left the baby at home, or never be able to make a fine young lady of you, child," said Julian.

Lottie glanced quickly, as the merry twinkle in the eye of her cousin, and the expression on the mouth of her young admirer, and replied:

"Nanny, I've saved you a cabman's fare, but I do not regret an action of common humanity. I am sorry to have put you to the trouble of adding one for willful neglect of an aged person. I've received mine, and am perfectly satisfied, happy."

"How far did you escort your protégé, Lottie, and how did he receive your attentions?" asked Percy.

"Not very far! he insisted on my leaving him, and I did not care to go any further in the cars, because he, standing and holding on by a strap, I felt so ashamed of him. He stood at Lottie, he got home with the old gentleman and keep him from slipping down. He thanked me many times, asked my name, and where I lived; and when I bade him good-bye, he said, 'God bless you, you are a good child, and I feel sure that kind act will be remembered.' I walked very pleasantly as long as you flew. When you pray, ask that grace may be sent down even to comfort and soften a lonely, hard-hearted old man, whose heart is closed against all love. I left him; and, indeed, I could hardly help crying, I felt so sorry for him. But the end of Lottie, he took his departure.

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"Come in, Miss. The doctor has been waiting for you."

Opening a door upon the first fog, she ushered them in.

It looked a large easy chair, quiet and dimmer than when she last saw him. was the old mansion Hiram Wishart—for so it proved to be. Holding out his hand, he said:

"I knew you would come, my good child, when your mother was at your age. Julian, I'll ask, I see you are looking surprised, but I know full well you will. You have behaved very well, leaving her speak of her Uncle Hiram?"

"Yes, Uncle Hiram. Are you Uncle Hiram? I am so glad to know you!"

Springing, she pressed her lips to his withered brow, and seated herself at his feet, saying:

"Speak to Julian, my cousin, won't you, uncle?"

"Excuse me, sir—I was so engaged with this dear child, that I've been very negligent. I am very glad to see you, sir," he said.

Turning again to Lottie, he said:

"I was afraid you would think I was fortune-hunting, when I proposed to be your uncle," she, blushing deeply.

"Not at all, child. Heaven willed that you should. Ah, here is my friend and doctor! I may say, my only friend," as Dr. Worth came in.

Richmond Worth was standing transfixed with wonder, as he saw Julian and Lottie seated, enjoying his surprise. At last, he recovered himself, and exclaimed:

"Why, Lottie, is it possible?"

"Yes, Richmond, it is, why, Doctor, is it possible that you know my niece?" said Uncle Hiram.

"I have had the honor to be presented to such a great pleasure," said the doctor, casting at Lottie a look that spoke volumes.

"If I can read looks, I should say you knew each other, indeed. I have been quite deceived. I am glad, very glad. I think I shall attempt my worldly goods that whatever she has done is good and kind—yes, and proper too," said Julian, who was very much maligned by Lottie, in a cousinly way.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XLIX.

THE FUTURE OF CALIFORNIA.

I linger yet by the shores of the vast Pacific, for I feel that the general mind is still inadequately impressed with the majestic promise that impels the resistless tendency of our Gothic race toward the sands of that mighty sea. I do grievously err if the historian of a future century does not instance the discovery of the Columbia by a Yankee and the finding of gold in upper California so soon after that country had fallen into our hands, as among the most memorable and fortunate incidents in the annals of our continent, and hence of mankind.

On gold *per se*, I place no high estimate. If all the science and labor which has been devoted by our people to the discovery and extraction of the Precious Metals, had been as faithfully applied to the production of Iron, Coal, Copper, Lead, Tin, Salt, Gypsum, Marble, Slate, &c., I believe our country would have been richer and our people wiser and happier. Even if we could regard the abundant possession of Gold and Silver as a chief good, it is plain that the countries which produce are not those which most amply retain and enjoy them.

But mines or deposits of Gold and Silver are prominent among the means whereby attention and population are drawn to a region previously unpeopled, or thinly peopled by savages. Men rush madly and in thousands to a district reported auriferous; defying famine, heat, cold, pestilence, and even death itself. Mining or washing for gold combines the fascinations of gambling—the chances of sudden riches—with the sober incitements of regular and laudable industry: hence, it always did and always will allure vast numbers to brave peril and privation in its behoof. In time, the bubble bursts; the glamour is dispelled; but *thousands have meantime found new homes and formed new habits*; hence, a new civilized community.

I judge that gold-mining in California is nearly "played out." True, there are many good veins there, which will continue to be worked at a profit for hundreds of years yet, during which many more and some better will doubtless be discovered and opened; but this is sober business, requiring capital, science, luck, patience, to insure success; while the jovial, free-handed heroes of pick and pan have passed away forever—some to Nevada; some to Arizona; others to Montana, Idaho, &c., &c.—many to the land of shadows—and the river-beds and "gulches" that knew them shall know them no more. California still exports gold largely; but most of it is produced in Nevada, Montana, British Columbia, &c., &c. She for years produced Fifty Millions per annum; she has fallen off at least half; she is likely soon to fall still lower. I presume the child is born who will live to see her annual product fall below Ten Millions.

Yet her natural wealth will still be great, being varied, vast, and indestructible. I group it under these heads:

I. *Soil.*—Of her ninety millions of acres, I should deem not over twenty millions decidedly arable; but these are, for the most part, exceedingly fertile. I judge that her great valleys were once arms of the sea, since gradually filled up by the continual abrasion and wearing away of the slopes of her omnipresent mountains. Many of them have now from 100 to at least 1,000 feet in depth of warm, mellow soil—a marine deposit of sand, clay and vegetable mould, in nearly equal proportions, very rarely containing a stone. I never saw land better calculated to produce large crops year after year with a moderate outlay of labor. The absence of rain in Summer and early Autumn keeps down weeds, while the unclouded, fervid sun hastens growth and insures perfection. I am confident that cotton, and even cane, might be grown to profit throughout the southern half of the State, in which the fig, the olive, and the apricot, grow luxuriantly and ripen unfailingly.

II. *Water.*—Though I saw large fields of heavy Indian corn which grew and ripened without receiving a drop of rain, I nevertheless realize and admit that water is a desirable facility to vegetable growth and maturity. And, as cultivation is mostly confined to valleys and the lower slopes of mountains, water is abundantly procurable. Artesian wells are easily dug; their flow is apt to be generous as well as constant; and a small stream well managed amply irrigates a very large field. Trees and vines root deep in that rich, facile mould; the grape needs a very little water for two years, and none thereafter; while its culture requires half the work needed here or in Europe, because our frequent rains evoke innumerable weeds. I estimate that a ton of Grapes may be produced in California with half the labor required to produce them in Italy; and that Silk, most semi-tropical Fruits, and I trust Tea, also, may be produced with equal facility. Wheat and other small grains yield largely and surely. I saw thousands of acres, that had been two months' cut and shocked, yet still awaited the coming of the circulating thresher; other fields were yet uncut (Sept. 1st), though long so dead-ripe that a large portion of the grain must be shelled out and lost in the field, even under the most careful handling. I saw fifty acres of choice tree-fruits—mainly Peaches and Apples—in a single patch: the Peaches rotting by hundreds of bushels, because they could not be gathered and marketed so fast as they ripened. I saw vast tracts of good Mustard, self-sown and growing wild from year to year, though apparently as good an article as ever ripened. The intense drouth of her long, cloudless, dewless Summer, produces cracks and fissures in the earth into which grains and seeds drop when dead-ripe; rains come and close the fissures in November and later; the self-sown seed germinates and produces a "volunteer" crop—a full one of Mustard, but a half-crop of Wheat, &c. I saw, at the Mission of San Jose, giant pear-trees, planted some scores of years ago by the Jesuits, and producing largely, but of indifferent fruit, till a Yankee acquired and grafted them, when he sold their product the next year but one in San Francisco so as to net him $100 from each tree. I look forward to a day when this country's supply of Raw Silk, as well as of Raisins and other dried fruits, will reach us from our own Pacific coast.

The rains of California are ample, but confined to Winter and Spring. In time, her streams will be retained in her mountains by dams and reservoirs, and, instead of descending in floods to overwhelm and devastate, will be gradually drawn away throughout the Summer to irrigate and refresh. For a while, water will be applied too profusely, and injury thus be done; but experience will correct this error, and then California's valleys and lower slopes will produce more food to nourish and fruit to solace the heart of man than any other Twenty Millions of acres on earth.

III. *Timber.*—Her highlands are mainly valuable for timber and pasturage only. There are more tuns of valuable timber in the Sierra Nevada than in our whole country east of the Rocky Mountains and southward of the latitude of Chicago. Railroads will yet render much of it commercially available, and incite its diffusion to every country and island washed by the great ocean. Its value will be found to surpass that of all the minerals covered by it, or ever shrouded from the avaricious gaze of man.

I close with a mere glance at San Francisco; because her age has nearly doubled since I saw her, and her population, wealth, and business, as well. At the mouth of the only considerable river that enters the Pacific from our continent—the Columbia and the Youkon excepted—with a fair entrance, and an ample, safe harbor, I judge that the Pacific Railroad fixes and assures her destiny as the second city of America—the emporium wherein the furthest East will exchange its products with the remotest West. I dislike her chilly August fogs and winds, her blowing, drifting sands; I should wish her relieved of the giant sand-bank which centuries have piled up between her and the Pacific; but then her Western gales would be fiercer and sharper than now; so it is best to leave her as she is. Since twenty years have raised her from a naked beach to a city of 100,000 souls, who can doubt that eighty more will see these swelled to, at least, one million? May Intelligence and Virtue keep even step with her material progress! may the great-grandchildren of her adventurous pioneers rejoice in the knowledge that her stormy, irregular youth has given place to a sober, respected, beneficent maturity! may her influence on the side of Freedom, Knowledge, Righteousness, be evermore greatly felt and greatly blessed throughout the awaking, wondering, plastic Western world!

HAYING!

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Alas for the poetry of farming! All the songs of milk-maids must be now listened for in the old English poets. The whetting of the mower's scythe is almost over—quite over—on my farm! Instead of that, one hears the sharp rattle of the mower, and sees the driving man quite at his ease riding round and round the meadow, for all the world as if he were out airing! Whereas, heretofore, two acres would be counted a large day's work; now, ten and twelve are easily accomplished!

Nor is the contrast less remarkable in all the after work. When I was a boy, I was placed in line, with all the men that could be mustered, to shake out the hay with forks; and after a few hours, all hands were called to go over the ground and turn it. To do this rapidly, and yet so that the bottom side shall really come to the top, was no small knack. Now, a tedder, with one man riding, will literally do the work of ten men, and do it far better than the most expert can. Have you ever seen a *tedder? I have now a perfect one.* The grass rolls up behind it and foams, I was going to say, like water behind the wheels of a steamer. The grass leaps up and whirls as if it were amazingly tickled with such dealings.

The result is, that unless grass is very heavy, and the weather very bad, you may cut your hay in the morning and get it into your barn before night, in far better condition than it used to be when it required never less than two, and generally a part of three days to cure it.

But, I have forgotten the *Horse Rake.* Instead of the old-fashioned, long-handled rake, and the five or six men, pulling and hauling to get the grass into windrows, that same fellow, with that same horse, rides his luxurious rake, and in a fifth part of the time formerly required, puts it into equally good shape. Indeed, haying, if it has lost its poetry, has also lost its drudgery. A man can now manage a hundred acres of grass easier than he formerly could twenty. The only thing that remains to be made easy is pitching on and off the load. It is true that horse-forks have been invented, but I have never seen any that did their work well; and in my barn, at any rate, the old work of pitching and mowing remains; and if you wish to know what fun is, get on to the mow, under the slate roof of my barn, on a hot day, and let *Tim* pitch off hay, as he will if I give him the wink. You will have to step lively, and even then, you will often be seen emerging from heaps of hay thrown over you, like a rat from a bunch of oakum. And then it is so pleasant, when a man is all a-sweat, to have his shirt filled with hay seed, each particular particle of which makes believe that it is a flea, and wiggles and tickles upon every square inch of your skin, until you are half desperate!

It is the second of July, and my grass is all cut, and the last load is rolling into the barn while I write. How sweet it smells! How jolly the children are that have been mounted on the top of the load; and their little scarlet jackets peep out from their nest while Tim stands guard and nurse. A child that has not ridden up from the meadow to the barn on a load of hay has yet to learn one of the luxuries of exultant childhood! What care they for jolts, when the whole load is a vast and multiplex spring? The more the wagon *jounces* the better they like it! Then come the bars, leading into the lane with maple trees on each side. The limbs reach over, and the green leaves kiss the children over and over again. So would I, if I were a green leaf, and not consider myself so green after all! And so the load slowly rolls up the hill. There is no such thing as momentum in an ox. He is always at a dead pull and at the very hardest. But the children like it! The slower, the longer is the ride! Let them take all the comfort they can. By and by they will be grown, and own fine carriages, and roll in style through the streets. But there is many a fair face that rides in a silk-lined coach, with a sad heart, and would go back if she could, oh how gladly, to her joyous ride on a load of hay!

—New York *is* a great city. During the recent National Democratic Convention, this fact became particularly apparent. On that occasion thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands of strangers flocked hither, but their presence amid the great throng of humanity in our streets was not perceptible. They would have overcrowded any other city on the continent; but in New York their numbers were not felt. The great metropolis took them all in, and no doubt "did for" many of them, without an effort.

MR. COBB'S NEW STORY.—In this number of the *Ledger*, we begin the publication of a new story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., entitled AGNES PERCY; or, THE RIVAL HEIRS OF ABBOTSWOLD. This is one of the very best stories which Mr. Cobb has ever written.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Born in 1772, and died in 1864! Ninety-two years of happy, prosperous, and virtuous life! How was it that, in a world so full of the sick, the miserable, and the unfortunate, Josiah Quincy should have lived so long, and enjoyed, during almost the whole of his life, uninterrupted happiness and prosperity? Let us see.

He was born in Boston, in a house the walls of which are still standing, in a part of the street now called Washington street. His father was that young Josiah Quincy who went away on a patriotic mission to London when this boy was three years of age, and only returned to die within sight of his native land, without having delivered the message with which Doctor Franklin had charged him. Left an orphan at so early an age, his education was superintended by one of the best mothers a boy ever had; and this was the first cause both of the length and of the happiness of his life. This admirable mother was so careful lest her fondness for her only son should cause her to indulge him to his harm, that she even refrained from caressing him, and, in all that she did for him, thought of his welfare first, and of her own pleasure last, or not at all. To harden him, she used to have him taken from a warm bed in winter, as well as in summer, and carried down to a cellar kitchen, and there dipped three times in a tub of cold water. She even accustomed him to sit in wet feet, and endeavored in all ways to toughen his physical system against the wear and tear of life.

This boy (who only died three years ago) was old enough during the Revolutionary war to remember some of its incidents. "I imbibed," he once wrote, "the patriotism of the period, was active against the British, and with my little whip and astride my grandfather's cane, I performed prodigies of valor, and more than once came to my mother's knees declaring that I had driven the British out of Boston." Like all other healthy boys, he was a keen lover of out-of-door sports of every kind. "My heart," he wrote, "was in ball and marbles." And yet, in accordance with the custom of the schools of that time, he was compelled to sit on the same hard bench every day, four hours in the morning, and four hours in the afternoon, studying lessons which it was impossible so young a child could value or understand. A boy of less elastic mind and less vigorous constitution of body must have been injured by this harsh, irrational discipline. It seems only to have taught him patience and fortitude. Being a member of a rich and ancient family, he enjoyed every advantage of education which America then afforded, and graduated from Harvard College, in 1790, with honor. He was soon after admitted to the bar; but as he was not dependant upon his profession for a maintenance, he was not a very diligent or famous lawyer.

I have said that he was a very happy man. This is almost equivalent to saying that he was very happily *married*, since the weal or woe of most men's lives chiefly depends upon the wisdom with which they choose their life's companion. Josiah Quincy was indeed most fortunately married, and yet he does not appear to have exercised his judgment in the choice of a wife. In seven days after he first saw her face he was engaged to be married to her. It happened thus:

On a certain Sunday evening, in 1794, being then twenty-two years of age, he went, according to his custom, to visit one of his aunts, who lived in Boston. He found at his aunt's house a Miss Morton, a young lady from New York, of whom he had never before heard, and who was so little remarkable in her appearance that she made no impression on his mind. In the course of the evening, a female relative who was present asked him to go into the next room, as she wished to consult him on some affair of business. While they were talking, the strange lady began to sing one of the songs of Burns with a clearness of voice and with a degree of taste and feeling which charmed and excited him beyond anything he had ever experienced. He immediately threw down the law papers which he had been examining, and returned to the company. Miss Morton sang several other songs, to the great delight of all who heard her, and to the unbounded rapture of this particular young gentleman. When the singing was over he entered into conversation with her, and discovered her to be an intelligent, well-informed, unaffected and kind-hearted girl. In short, he fell in love with her upon the spot, and when the young lady left Boston a week after, he was engaged to her.

Some time elapsed, however, before they were married. She was a young lady of highly respectable connections and considerable fortune. The marriage was suitable in all respects, and they lived together fifty-three happy years. This most fortunate union was, no doubt, one of the main causes of the singular peace and uninterrupted happiness of his life.

It was expected, at that time, that a man of fortune, talents and education, like Josiah Quincy, would enter public life. In 1805 he was elected a member of Congress by the Federalists of Boston, a party of which he was a warm adherent, and to which he clung as long as it existed. His son tells us, in an excellent biography of his father, recently published, that, to the last of his life, when he was in reality a member of the Republican party, the old man still called himself a Federalist. Having been elected to Congress, he did a most extraordinary thing: he actually set to work to *prepare himself*, by a study of politics and history, to discharge the duties of the place! He even learned the French language, in order to be able to converse with the foreign ministers and other Europeans whom he might meet in Washington. Besides this, he made a large collection of pamphlets, documents, and books relating to the history of his country, and to the political questions which had agitated it since the close of the Revolution.

He was, unquestionably, the ablest member of the Federal party in Congress at that time, and he served his party with a zeal and eloquence which was highly useful in keeping the administrations of Jefferson and Madison in the true path. Being myself in the fullest sympathy with Jefferson and Madison, I cannot think so highly of his Congressional career as, perhaps, his son would have us. But I can fully appreciate his honesty, his industry, his high-bred courtesy, and his admirable eloquence. His ardor in debate would have led to frequent challenges and duels, if he had not from the first made up his mind never to be bullied into an acquiescence with so barbarous a custom. In conversation with Southern members on the subject, he would say:

"We do not stand upon equal grounds in this matter. If we fight and you kill me, it is a feather in your cap, and your constituents will think all the better of you for it. If I should kill you, it would ruin me with mine, and they never would send me to Congress again."

Reasoning of this kind, the fire-eaters of 1810 could understand, though they would have been little able to comprehend the lofty moral grounds on which his objections to the practice were really founded.

The most remarkable event of his public life was his opposition to the creation of States, by Act of Congress, out of territory which did not belong to the United States when the Constitution was agreed to. His opinion was, that such new States could only be admitted into the Union by the consent of as many of the original thirteen States as had been necessary for the adoption of the Constitution itself. So rooted and passionate was his conviction on this subject, that, in the year 1811, when the act was discussed under which Louisiana was afterwards admitted, he uttered in the House the following words:

"I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that, if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligation; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation; amicably if they can, violently if they must."

This looks so much like the secession doctrines of subsequent times, that, I am afraid, many readers will never be able to distinguish the difference. One thing is certain: the admission of new States formed out of new territory, by a mere Act of Congress, did actually, for fifty years, make the Southern States masters of this Union; and Josiah Quincy was, perhaps, the first public man who clearly saw and clearly foretold that this would be the case.

Mr. Quincy, in one of his letters from Washington, relates an anecdote of Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, which throws light upon Western politics, as they were conducted half a century ago. Mr. Grundy, after having soundly berated Mr. Quincy in the House, said to him the next day:

"Quincy, I thought I had abused you enough; but I find it will not do."

"Why, what is the matter now? I do not mean to speak again."

"No matter," said Grundy; "by Heavens, I must give you another thrashing."

"Why so?" asked the member from Massachusetts.

"Why," said Grundy, "the truth is, a d—d fellow has set up against me in my District—a perfect Jacobin—as much worse than I am as worse can be. Now, except Tim Pickering, there is not a man in the United States so perfectly hated by the people of my District as yourself. You must therefore excuse me. I must abuse you, or I shall never get re-elected. I will do it, however, genteely. I will not do it as that fool of a Clay did—strike so hard as to hurt myself. But abuse you I must. You understand, I mean to be friends notwithstanding. I mean to be in Congress again, and must use the means."

After eight years of Congressional life, when he was but forty-one years of age, and when he might easily have been re-elected, Josiah Quincy withdrew from public life, partly for private and partly for public reasons. The main public reason was, that the Federal party was too powerless even to make a useful opposition; and his chief private reason was, that he loved his wife and children too much to be separated from them. Returning home, he served his native State, first, by making costly experiments in agriculture upon his estate, which, though unprofitable to him, were highly beneficial to the community. For several years he was Mayor of Boston, during which he reformed the city government and rendered services to the city the good effects of which are still apparent. If Boston is the best-governed city in America, it is in part owing to the efficiency and wisdom of Josiah Quincy.

For sixteen years Mr. Quincy was the President of Harvard College—a difficult and laborious office, in which he displayed extraordinary tact, good sense and good nature. His son tells us, that, during the whole sixteen years of his presidency, he was never absent from the six o'clock morning prayers but three times; and that was occasioned by his being obliged to attend a distant court as a witness on behalf of the College. Upon resigning his presidency, though he was then an old man, past seventy, he was still apparently in the very prime of his powers, and he lived many years after in the enjoyment of the most perfect health, and of scarcely diminished vigor. It concerns us all to know the secret of such health and longevity as this. His father died very young, and his mother in middle life. Nor had any of his paternal ancestors lived beyond seventy-four.

In the first place, he was strictly temperate in the use of intoxicating drinks, almost to total abstinence. At breakfast and at night he ate moderately and of plain food. At dinner, which he had the good sense to eat in the middle of the day, he ate heartily of whatever was set before him. He discovered, many years ago, how important perfect cleanliness is to the preservation of health, and he made a frequent use of the bath tub, the flesh brush, and the hair gloves. He was an exceedingly early riser. He was addicted to no vice whatever. His life was blameless and cheerful. He indulged none of the passions which waste the vitality and pervert the character. All his objects were such as a rational and virtuous man could pursue without self reproach, and with the approbation of the wise and good. Thus living, he attained nearly to the age of ninety-three, enjoying life almost to the last hour, and passing away as peacefully and painlessly as a child goes to sleep.

He was an eminently handsome man, from youth to extreme old age. His fine set of teeth he kept entire until his death; and this, no doubt, had much to do with preserving the health of his body and the proportions of his countenance. His son says, that a bust of him taken in his prime, by Horatio Greenough, might well pass for the head of an Apollo or a Jupiter. Of all the myriads of men that have lived and labored on this earth since its creation, I question if there has ever been one who lived, upon the whole, a better life than Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts. He had a sound constitution, and took care of it; he had a good mind, and improved it; he had an excellent wife, and appreciated her value; he had a good fortune, and did not abuse it; he lived in a good country, and faithfully served it; he had an enlightened religion, and lived up to it.

COSTLY JEWELS—DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. FAIRFIELD.

The actual paragon-diamonds of the world, viz., stones of over one hundred carats weight, (cut and uncut) are but ten—possibly eleven in number.

Two of these still remain in the rough. One is the celebrated "*Nizam*" of India, weight two hundred and forty carats, which is (very appropriately) owned by the King of Golconda, since none other could probably afford its (uncut) possession. The second, simply known as "*The Great Rough Diamond*," as described by the travelled Tavernier, is of two hundred and eighty two and a half carats weight. The largest diamond—claimed to have been the largest diamond *ever* found—is in the possession of the present King of Portugal. It's size is fully that of a hen's egg. It boasts the incredible weight of *one thousand six hundred and eighty carats* (over eleven ounces.) This eighth diamond-wonder is however shrewdly suspected by the most renowned jewellers and mineralogists in Europe to be but a bit of superb white topaz instead. At present, however, it claims place as "*The Diamond Marvel of the Age.*" The remaining gems are the eight historic diamonds of the world. A duplicate number, however, from their history and beauty—although each within the specified one hundred carats weight—claim equal rank with the "World's Wonder-Waters;" making sixteen in all, they rank as follows:

"The Rajah" (belonging to the King of Borneo)	367 carats
"The Grand Mogul" (owned by Russia)	367 "
"The White Brilliant, No. 1"	242½ "
"The Orlow"	195 "
"The Austrian"	139½ "
"The Great South Star" (or "Halpen")	138¾ "
"The Regent" (or Pitt)	136¾ "
"The Koh-i-noor" (originally the largest diamond ever found)	123½ "

The remaining eight are:

"The Shah" (formerly belonging to Persia)	93 carats
"The Nassak"	89¾ "
"The Piggot"	82¼ "
"The Brazilian"	72 "
"The Hope" (Blue)	44¼ "
"The Saucy"	53½ "
"The Holland"	36 "
"The Dresden" (Green)	31½ "

Be it remembered, that in the operation of cutting, diamonds invariably lose from one-half to three-quarters of their weights, as the following statement will illustrate: When found, "The Regent" (or Pitt) weighed in the rough 410 carats. When cut, but 136¾. It is said to have required ten years' labor in the operation of cutting. "The Grand Mogul," 780¾; cut, 267 carats. "The Koh-i-noor," rough, 827 2-16; cut, 186¾ carats. "The South Star," 254½; cut, 138¾. "The Nassak" (once cut), 89¾; now, 78¾.

The origin of the term carat is probably unfamiliar to many readers. The term is derived from the word *kuara* (the coral tree), the red pods of which, when sun-dried, were formerly used in weighing down the scale to equal gold dust. Each of these pods weighed four grains, which weight is called and considered that of one carat.

The crowns of Russia are said to be the most magnificent in the world, both for beauty, for diamonds, and value. That of Ivan Alexiowitch contained 881. Peter the Great's diadem 847. That of his wife 2,536. The present Emperor has, also, purchased an immense number of additional brilliants with which to embellish his own.

The crown of France owns many others—the total value of the crown-jewels of which nation is 29,066,488 francs. The Pacha of Egypt also owns many invaluable diamonds, as does also the Sultan of Turkey. The Queen of England, of course, owns the world-renowned Koh-i-noor, presented to her by the East India Company on the late settlement of Runjeet Sing's estate. A wonderful diamond, weighing 25 carats, was some twelve years since discovered in Virginia, and exhibited by one of our first jewelers in the city. Since then other diamonds of less value have been discovered in various parts of the United States. The matter of pearl-hunting in America, however, still remains in hopeless *statu quo*.

Epigram.—From the German.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Close-fist!—Prithee, understand,
No one will thy wants relieve;
Hand is only washed by hand,
He must give, who would receive!

AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY, AT LAST.

I am New England born. I want a hymn, and a prayer, on Sunday. Not that I do not like both, on other days; but I am always homesick without them on Sunday. I want them *in church*, too. I said I wanted a hymn and a prayer. I want a sermon, too; but alas! I am so often disappointed *there*, and I so dread being disappointed, that I generally take a seat near the door, where I can leave at the precise point when I feel happy, and the sermon begins.

This is naughty, I know, but as I have gone into the confessional, I will make a clean "*shrive*" of it. I want *what* I want so much, and the lack of it spoils my Sunday. I want to know *how to live*; and the Rev. —— only tells me that I've "got to die." I want to know how to manage with *to-day*; and the Rev. —— only speculates about what may or what may not be in eternity. I want to be soothed, and helped, and propped, and comforted; and the Rev. —— tries to scare me with an "angry God," and a "sure damnation." I want earnestness, in the pulpit; and instead, I find the Rev. —— drawling lazily: "And the LUD GOD said unto Adam." I want to know what the Rev. —— is talking about; instead—half of the time, I am convinced—he don't even know that himself.

Perhaps these reasons may be some excuse for my dodging the "sermon" occasionally; if not, I plead guilty, and only ask you to acquit me of intentional irreverence. It still remains that who else soever can do without their Sunday, it is not I—Fanny.

But that's not what I meant to speak about, only that you will insist on the "prelude" in church. I *meant* to tell you that the Sunday before I left New York, I had a genuine Sunday—one of *my* Sundays: when, on entering the church of the Rev. Dr. Hall, I did not exchange the sweet song of birds, the vivid green of the trees, or the blue of the fair skies, for sulphureous terrors. Since I heard Dr. Payson, of Portland, when he reached out pleading hands to win wayward feet into the path of life, I have never been so entirely satisfied with the delivery of The Master's message. Dr. Hall has the same dignity; the same pleading earnestness; the same deep, rich voice; the same appreciative way of reading the hymns; the same *heart-tone* in every syllable. With him it is no performance. No person present could fail to feel that he had come there that morning as a fond parent would go forth, full of tender love, and yearning for the child who had strayed from home. There was no narrowness, no bigotry, no uncharitable denunciation; and, at the same time, no blinking of the truth—and the *whole* truth. It was the lovely spirit of The Crucified: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I had a full meal; and if you could have gone away unsatisfied, I am sorry for you. It must be that you never had a heart-wrench; that you never reached out imploring hands in the darkness, only to grasp the empty air. It must be that the earth never opened at your feet, and swallowed up your dear ones. It must be that you never—with a sincere desire to do right by yourself, and by others—found yourself choking with distressful tears, that each day's sun should go down with so poor a record. Oh, you never could have felt thus, or you could not have gone away from the sound of Dr. Hall's voice, and said, there was nothing there for me. At least, I think you would have admired, as I did, his noble frankness in telling "church members" that he did not blame outsiders for doubting their Christianity, when they were so swift to pronounce judgment on those who differed from them in opinion. "This is bigotry," said he; "this is fanaticism—it is not Christianity. Man's conscience was not given him for this—it was given him to scrutinize his own short-comings." This pleased me, in contrast with the opinion held by many "Christians," that the faults of such should never be spoken of, "for the possible harm to the cause."

Now, in conclusion, I would say to Dr. Hall's church, that to allow a clergyman like him to preach in a place so badly ventilated as was that church the morning I was present, is a crime. Let them show their regard for him, while thronging there to hear him, by not killing him by inches; he is too tall a man to die in that way.

FANNY FERN.

—It is proper to state that the Rev. J. N. McLeod, D. D., spoke in favor of Mr. Stuart's suspension, both before and after the vote was taken, but when the roll was called to record the ayes and noes, refused to state his vote until all the other votes had been given, when he announced his in the negative. It is for himself to explain his inconsistency, as those with whom he so strangely associated himself by this vote were as much surprised as those whom he so strangely deserted. Mr. Stuart's friends cannot regard him as one of their number.—*Presbyterian.*

How is this? Can Dr. McLeod afford to remain silent under such an imputation? We think not. We were introduced to him over a quarter of a century ago, and have always supposed him to be a good man, although we knew he was wedded to the past, and somewhat "old-fogyish" in his ideas. We cannot believe that he is guilty of such glaring inconsistency as is imputed to him by the *Presbyterian*. The Doctor owes it not only to himself but to his friends to set himself right—if he can—in this matter.

Let Tax-Payers Beware!

As things are going on, a man will have to be worth a large fortune to be able to own any real-estate in the city of New York. The taxes are running up with a rapidity which is frightful. The people are robbed on every hand. Is the upshot of the matter to be a revolution and the hanging of the plunderers and their abettors to the city lamp-posts?

[From the Presbyterian.]

Sudden Death of a Minister in the Pulpit.

We were recently called to visit the quiet and beautiful village of Westfield, New Jersey. Nature was rejoicing in all the loveliness of early June; but yet our errand was of a somewhat mournful nature. Hastily were we summoned to attend the burial of a ministerial friend and brother, the Rev. Edwin Downer. His death took place under circumstances at once startling and impressive. It occurred in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of that place, at the opening of divine service, on the morning of Sabbath, May 31. In the absence of the pastor, the Rev. E. B. Edgar, at the General Assembly, Mr. Downer had consented to supply the pulpit on that day. Entering the church in his usual health, he opened the service with a brief but appropriate invocation, closing somewhat abruptly with the words "for Jesus' sake. Amen," and resumed his seat in the pulpit chair. By the falling of his hand loosely at his side, it was at once observed he was ill. He never spake again.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shall we strike a bargain, Fate?
And will thou to this agree?
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

Take the eagle, proud and dark;
Take the wind that wanders by wing;
Leave the robin, leave the lark,
Tis the little birds that sing!

Take the oak-wood, towering up,
With its top against the skies;
Leave one little acorn cup,
Therein all the forest lies!

Take the murmurous fountain-brooks,
Take the river, widening slow,
But count my gentle violets
Leave the meadows, mine and low.

Winding waters are fine to view;
Sweet the fountain's silver call;
But the inner drop of dew
Heals the sunshine, after all.

Take the sea, the great, wide sea,
While with many a rustling sail
Leave the little stream to me,
Sailing silent through the vale.

Pussy will find her theme
In thy grander powers, still,
Tis my little, ungraised scream
Of the meadow, lures the mill.

Take the palace, all ashine,
With its jolly bells and towers;
Let the little house be mine,
With its door-yard grass and flowers.

Take the lands, the royal lands,
All with parks and castles hoary;
Leave to me the little lands,
Cradling closely morn and night.

Ah, for sure be kindly, Fate,
To my harmless plea grant!
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

THE ATTORNEY'S PLOT;

The Secrets of the Marquis and the Baronet.

By PROF. WM. HENRY PECK.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN OF THE MARQUIS.

We have now followed, as we promised we would, the fortunes of Evaline Chaffee from the moment she entered, or rather was imprisoned, in the tavern-dwelling up to the moment when Major Mark Varly left in bill of Dinner Manor.

Nearly all of that time, over two hours, had been consumed by Evaline in recalling memories connected with her father, and the plan by which she found herself imprisoned after an absence of ten years; and, as related in the last chapter, she had barely begun to make use of those recollections when she was startled by what seemed to her, and may seem to the reader, the miraculous appearance of Lord Hugh De Lisle.

But, before explaining the unexpected appearance of that gentleman, it is necessary that we should return to the early days of Queen Ulster, where we left the young officer very unpreferred reconciling himself to continue successful for a time longer, as he now plainly that he considered the Marquis of Dinner Manor, and the reader has learned, was Lady Matilda.

Sir Alrick, on parting with Major Varly, had struck his estimable floor sharp blows, a signal which understood by Clement to mean that Sir Alrick imperatively demanded the immediate presence of Lady Matilda.

Lady Matilda, though summoned, did not appear instantly, and Sir Alrick again struck the entry-bell.

This time he struck it but once, and very softly, so softly that its note was not heard by Clement. It was heard, however, and very distinctly, by John Rolfton, who was at the foot of the stairs waiting to let the door open within the baronet's study was situated.

John Rolfton remarked to the signal of the baronet instantly, who said to him, after carefully closing the door:

"Did you see the person who came in as you left the room with Mr. Varly?"

"Major Mark Varly, sir?"

"So you know him?"

"By sight, sir. Saw him when I was with my lady in London."

"You know where to find Rose Chaffton, no doubt. I have heard that you were once a bride together. But you are an honest man now, and up in fortunes as Major Mark Varly, who has a purse of gold with him. It is a dark night for a ride from the Manor to Ulsterborough. As you and Rose Chaffton were once friends, and I take much interest in Major Varly, if you think you could get immediate word to the highwaymen, he might be robbed of his gold on his way to Ulsterborough."

"Sure Rolfton, sir, said, in his young days, to ride a great deal in this county and neighborhood, Sir Alrick," replied Rolfton, gruffly and hanging down his head, while his deep-set eyes glanced askance at his master. "I ha' no doubt John Rolfton could find him in half an hour."

"Half an hour! By that time he may have not only waylaid the major, and even have knocked him on the head," said the baronet. "Rossel, I have stood between you and the gallows for these twelve months and more. This hour Rolfton be sent to the Manor, for some of the servants said yesterday they saw him lurking about the Park. I suspect that he have been planning a burglary against the Manor."

"No, Sir Alrick. I swear I am faithful to you. Since Chaffton is in jail, I have no call for burglary. Does your honor know who he is?"

"He is a highwayman. That is all I know of him, and I know that only from report."

"Sure, your honor, I have met, may have heard of lady—she was a cousin of the late Marquis of Guinmore—but never of Sir Jairus."

"Aspa Jairus?" exclaimed the startled baronet, aroused at hearing this name—a name which had been flying about his memory for days, after having been dead to him nearly quarter of a century. "That is he! What has Rose Chaffton to do with her?—but in the meantime, while you are standing gossiping, Rose Chaffton may turn the major—"

"No danger of that, Sir Alrick. Rose Chaffton and Major Mark Varly are not simply acquaintances—they are friends."

"Friends?"

"Yes, sir, as much as gamblers ever are to each other. I used to see them together in London, and the major's influence protected Chaffton from arrest. I was about to tell you, sir, that Rose Chaffton is the man with whom Miss Aspa Jairus eloped some twenty-four years ago."

"Ah," said Sir Alrick, again startled. "I remember that she fell in love with a fellow from London and disappeared with him. So the highwayman is that man."

"The same—and a very lucky one. A friend, in some sort, of Mr. Hassan Wharle, they say."

"I noticed it particularly," replied Sir Alrick. "You said you did not know him."

"I lied, Sir Alrick," said Rolfton, bluntly. "That man and his grandfather, old Aesop Jarles——"

"What! He is the grandson of the father of Aspa Jarles?" interrupted Sir Alrick, and shuddering too, for here seemed corroboration of Hassan Wharle's claims.

"Yes, Sir Alrick. He and his grandfather tried to have me hanged because I would not swear away—or because they suspected that I would not keep secret what I suspected—your honor remembers? About Captain Hugh De Lisle."

"Yes, that you had reason to believe him to be a son, legitimate or illegitimate, of Lord Hayward," replied the baronet.

"At any rate," resumed Rolfton, "they resolved to have me out of the way."

"Out of the way of what?"

"Heaven knows, and no doubt the devil also," replied Rolfton, "for I do not. Some deep plot they had in view, or, maybap, already acted. They managed to have me arrested for certain mischiefs I had done years before—had me convicted, and would have had me hanged only for you."

"I see, I pledged you my intercession with the Queen, in return for certain information which upon the roof, and having seen him there the former hurried back into the baronet's study to await the return of Sir Alrick.

Hugh De Lisle, after reaching the roof, found it a difficult task to make his way along its slippery and shaking surface to where the turret rose steep and lofty.

The rain was descending in torrents, the wind was very violent, and the pitchy darkness of the night was broken only at intervals by fitful flashes of blinding lightning.

Hugh De Lisle was active, strong, resolute and daring. We said of him in the opening chapter of this story that the manner and success with which he raised the baronet's window-ground great skill in opening burglarious entrances, but we did not say all—that this skill was derived, not from the stealthy habits of a thief and a burglar, but from many a midnight expedition, in all of which he had won great fame, planned to surprise or capture sleeping or vigilant enemies of the English army.

His life had been one of hair-breadth escapes, fortune hopes, imminent peril, and desperate enterprises, in which his stout heart and lady, active mind and limbs, had ever carried him through unharmed and triumphant. He was less daring and weaker men would have been slain or defeated.

The dangers of his position and the hardiness of his present enterprise, however, did not appal him, nor in the least shake the purpose he had resolved; and that purpose was to see, and if possible, speak to Evaline Ulster.

"If I may not be able to do it now speedy release," he thought, as he struggled towards the turret, "I fear I may be able to let her know that I can still serve, near her, and determined to rescue her."

He had gathered from the conversations which he had overheard in his concealment, that Lord Peter was in the manor at that moment—Lord Peter, to whom Evaline's unconscious plan-dians desired to wed her, and he feared that Sir Alrick and Lady Matilda, aiming at the sudden growth of opposition springing up around them, might resolve to make use of some thing—the immediate marriage of Evaline Ulster to Lord Peter Fitz-Ulsters.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRISONER BY FLOWER EYES.

The rich and powerful of the times of which we write, and which indeed in these days, married daughters and wards into distasteful marriages, without regarding prayers and entreaties, and so this Hugh De Lisle was well aware, and knowing over the darling of Lady Matilda—the brutality of Sir Alrick, he had conceived a belief that they united, as they did, to be in the manor, make it impossible for Hassan Wharle, or Aspa De Lisle, or any other person, to carry their helpless though rebellious ward.

Hugh De Lisle had, therefore, he had resolved to defer the completion of his interrupted enterprise, and to wait for a time when he could steep from the roof.

Hastened, partly by the sense of touch assured him that he could climb the turret, as it was of stone, and partly by a desire to reconnoiter, but with sufficient interstices between them to give a degree and safety to his hands and feet in so ascent.

Hugh De Lisle had observed him that he was immediately beneath one of the long and narrow windows, which we have seen Evaline murmuring a busy prayer to Heaven for aid and succor in her hour of peril.

His ascension was both dangerous and difficult. He was compelled to cling to the projecting and dragged him from the beams and buried him off into the darkness beneath. But he was never able to obtain a safe footing near the window, where the prisoner by flower eyes.

The width of the window was barely wide enough to admit the passage of a man's body without grazing or rash, and only the iron bars of the window prevented the head of a man to be within.

He uttered instantly, and quick of ear, despite the roar of the gale, heard the stifled cry of joy which Evaline Ulster gave forth on the sight and possession of her father's MS.

"Oh, my father!" she cried, "and no doubt alone. Let me try the bars as noiselessly as possible."

He did so, and with what alarm and terror to his daughter's heart, he could see that the bars were rusty, corroded, and weak in the grasp of her hands. This was not the case. They bent and snapped under his grasp, and with them a mass of the stone-work which held them in the room, and so alarm by their fall and clatter that Hugh De Lisle was forced to leave them, forced these cable, and slowly thrust in his head and shoulders through the opening, where he saw Evaline Ulster gazing into his own.

Evaline Ulster fell back with a cry back, almost fainting with amazement, pressing her hands to her heart, and murmuring:

"Thank God, he is alive!"

"Yes, my child," said Hugh De Lisle, in a guarded tone. "Dear lady!"

He had thought the first words ever spoken by Hugh De Lisle to Evaline Ulster. She had heard them, and recognized the voice and tone of her father, but in a deeper, rich tones penetrated to her heart as the lovings of a mother. Her drooping eyes had proved to her soul when he rode beneath her window, and twelve months before.

She sprang to her feet, and making the grey again to his, a smile of joy and love beautified her face, and she said:

"Dear lady," said Hugh De Lisle, "I have heard your father's last farewell's study."

"Ah, sir," exclaimed Evaline, "I recognized your voice instantly, and scarcely doubted that she loved you, and was not Captain Hugh De Lisle, but—but—"

But here her maiden confusion made her speech inarticulate, and she covered her face with a blush of shame, and was about to give way to tears at the thought of her folly.

"Dear lady, man never loved woman more devotedly than I do you," said Hugh De Lisle, in dear lady, from the instant that our eyes met, and your face was in my heart. I knew that you loved me would be a pleasure. To live without you would be death. Dear lady!"

She knew he spoke as he felt, and no longer attempted to conceal her blushes, but raised her eyes to his, and smiled proudly, fondly upon him, for there was in her heart a pleasure that flushed cheek, neck and brow.

She—the regent, apparently knowing what to say, yet feeling that she should say something. But the clash of the bolt of the locked door checked her.

She uttered a sharp cry of terror, thinking she was surprised in conversation with her lover, and forgetting that she had rendered it impossible by having placed the great cabinet-key across the door—a mode of fastening always used by poor Sir Malcom when he wished to keep out the hateful Alrick Ulster, and his no less detested Lady Matilda.

She saw instantly that she was safe from intrusion from that source, for the door was pushed open, not violently, but slowly, and Lady Matilda, with a candle in her hand, entered.

Hugh De Lisle, after reaching the roof, found it a difficult task to make his way along its slippery and shaking surface to where the turret rose steep and lofty.

The rain was descending in torrents, the wind was very violent, and the pitchy darkness of the night was broken only at intervals by fitful flashes of blinding lightning.

Hugh De Lisle was active, strong, resolute and daring. We said of him in the opening chapter of this story that the manner and success with which he raised the baronet's window-ground great skill in opening burglarious entrances, but we did not say all—that this skill was derived, not from the stealthy habits of a thief and a burglar, but from many a midnight expedition, in all of which he had won great fame, planned to surprise or capture sleeping or vigilant enemies of the English army.

His life had been one of hair-breadth escapes, fortune hopes, imminent peril, and desperate enterprises, in which his stout heart and lady, active mind and limbs, had ever carried him through unharmed and triumphant. He was less daring and weaker men would have been slain or defeated.

The dangers of his position and the hardiness of his present enterprise, however, did not appal him, nor in the least shake the purpose he had resolved; and that purpose was to see, and if possible, speak to Evaline Ulster.

"If I may not be able to do it now speedy release," he thought, as he struggled towards the turret, "I fear I may be able to let her know that I can still serve, near her, and determined to rescue her."

He had gathered from the conversations which he had overheard in his concealment, that Lord Peter was in the manor at that moment—Lord Peter, to whom Evaline's unconscious plan-dians desired to wed her, and he feared that Sir Alrick and Lady Matilda, aiming at the sudden growth of opposition springing up around them, might resolve to make use of some thing—the immediate marriage of Evaline Ulster to Lord Peter Fitz-Ulsters.

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SIR ALRICK'S PROPOSITION.

treaty, though wherever was without began to strike against the door violently.

The broken grating fell round Evaline, in a shower of lime, yet unmoved; as the polished at the finished iron work, suspended from the window, by a single bolt that still held to its fastening.

Hugh De Lisle, with admirable presence of mind, replied:

"But that the thunder shook it loose. I will remain concealed."

He disappeared from the window as he spoke, leaving the broken grating hanging within the room.

"Usher the doors!" commanded the harsh voice of the baron.

"Yes, or we will have it battered down!" cried a shorter voice, which Evaline recognized as Lady Matilda's.

"I will be in no hurry to admit you," thought Evaline. "Certainly, I have no desire for your company."

"Will you unbar the door?" again demanded the baron's harsh voice, and with a heavy weight upon the door with the heavy key of the massive lock.

The door was being to turn inwards, but the Maltons had strewed very quantities of broken of iron, through which the stout oaken door was pierced; and as the under in the key refused to bend the door frame several inches, it was impossible for any one to enter the entrance without leaving the door from the outside, or by the aid of something to force it open.

Twice an entrance would require at least half a dozen hard work men with axes.

"If you will withdraw, sirrah, sir," he cried to the friends, to restore you to freedom. Walk in!" and he turned round with a low bow, but not leaving that depth of volume and dignity as he remained to be seen by the lady of Lisle.

Evaline started as she heard this voice, and meeting his eyes, replied:

"Ah, that is Lord Peter! Now, what can he want? Why is he here?"

"Who is there?" whispered Hugh De Lisle, recognizing as the window, which was immediately above his own head.

"Lord Peter, Lady Matilda, and Lord Peter," replied Evaline.

And as her lover was towards the door, but she spoken much louder, then without would not have heard her tone.

"Ah, I fear they have come to force you into an immediate marriage," thought Hugh De Lisle, as his eyes flashed with a terrible concentration of daring resolution.

"Evaline Dinner," again exclaimed the baron. "I command you to unbar the door this instant, under pain of my severe displeasure."

And here it was he set to explain the presence of Sir Alvick, for he thought Lord Peter before the door of the tower-chamber.

When Sir Alvick and his party had hurried from the baronet's study, they directed their steps towards the Master's Tower, and both impatiently demanding why he was so agitated, and he maintaining an obstinate silence, they had hailed before the heavy door, when he asked:

Lord Peter is within?"

"He is, and very anxious to see you."

"Very well. I will be with you and him in a moment," replied the baronet, hurrying away.

Lady Matilda, surprised at the ghastly pallor of his face and the fierceness of his eyes, opening the door, and entered the chamber, followed by her son, Lord Peter.

Sir Alvick, after hearing Lady Matilda at the door of the library, harried through the hall in a remote part of the house, and ascended to the rear corridor, opened it rapidly, and he hailed the Maltons before the door of the tower-chamber.

"Stop, sirrah, sir!" cried the elder, loud for the purpose of confinement of accused persons, and Sir Alvick at the same moment, the door of in his absence some deputy official, made use of their number and consequently the key of all in Canterbrough.

The reader will remember that in Chapter IX. of this story, Sir Alvick, in beginning his interview with Major Yardy, said that he would be compelled to leave him, for, that day, to be in confinement in the tower of the barons referred his case to whom the barons referred his case had been arrested at a late hour on that day, and therefore to be disposed of in the usual manner, under was confined in the tower.

Every stone, every door, and post at the door of the Keep, and Sir Alvick expected to find the same. The evidence of those who had arrested had made the sentinel leave his post for better quarters. And, supposing the prisoner, by all, was opened the door with a duplicate key and entered his narrow dwelling, to be out the door after him.

The prisoner—a dark-eyed, fierce-eyed man—started up from his bed of straw, as the door of his cell was opened, and gazed with surprise on Sir Alvick.

The baronet's face and form were enveloped in a long Spanish cloak, which he had snatched up as he passed through his study, and drawn over the dim light burning in the cell aided the prisoner but little in his scrutiny of the features of the stranger who and so suddenly became his companion.

The baronet, keeping his face carefully concealed, and standing in the shadow made by a projecting angle of the cell, said in a disguised voice, low and indistinct, as he spoke in the dark of the cloak over his mouth:

"Old Oliver, what will you give for liberty?"

"What have I to give?" replied the man, in a hoarse tone. "Formerly plenty of money."

"But what will you do to get free?"

"Do anything, but fly! Not that, after I would be run down and arrested again!"

"Fetters are no proper application for me, except circumstantial evidence."

"And are they not damning?" asked the prisoner, in a desponding tone. "Has not Sir Alvick Dinner in his possession the very knife stained with blood, the knife found near the murdered peddler—the knife with my name—with Old Clive cut upon its handle? Curse the life how where it carved my name there! Has he not also my shoes, dabbled with blood? Have found these things beneath the thatch of my hovel. Was not Sir Alvick near the spot where the peddler was murdered? Was the man that struck the peddler are the accursed shoes not after the deed was done? Is it not so that I did it—not I. Yet it was Sir Alvick who had me arrested. I tell you, I was ever you are, there is not one soul in all England who can save me from the gallows, and that man would see me hanged every day for a thousand years before he would put his little finger in my behalf."

"And why is that man?"

"Why? Why, the black baronet himself; Sir Alvick Dinner, who, for he my chief accuser! My counsel in Canterbrough jail would have been unable to defend me, and why, but for the wick wished to appear as witness against me, and on part of the examination—the interview, when none other magistrate will be here. He knows quite against me, because, some twenty-three years ago, I said that if the King's could tell tales, it would say that Lord Hayward was no monster. He has taught me not praise and me ever since, and made me what I am."

"And what are you?"

"What am I?" exclaimed Clive, fiercely; "I am a desperate man, a suspected man, a determined, a dog with a bad name."

And a murderer," said the baronet, stepping into the light and revealing his face.

"Sir Alvick! Great God!" groaned the prisoner, terrified by this unexpected appearance of his formidable enemy.

"Yes, Old Clive," said the baronet, "I am Sir Alvick Dinner, and your life is in my hands." "Why do you come here to take it, then," growled Clive, bitterly.

"To save it, and give you free; to destroy the evidences of your crime; to be your friend, if you will be mine."

The prisoner raised himself upon his elbow and fixed his bloodshot eyes upon the baronet sharply.

"It does not matter if you repeat to any one what I say to you, Clive," continued the baronet, answering to an unspoken question, "I am safe and spotless until Hark Yardy forced himself upon me for protection. I will believe you, even on oath. Your reputation is utterly bad. But I advise you not to repeat it. I have both friends to spare, so listen. Do you know Major Hark Yardy?"

"Know him! Yes, and hate him, too," replied Clive, with an oath.

"And why do you hate him?"

"Sir Alvick, I am a bad and a degraded dog, a hound," replied Clive, in a fierce, bitter growl, which seemed to be rapped from his throat; "I am all that, and the world knows it well—curse it the world! But Major Hark Yardy is worse, as fair

hoped. The antagonism between himself and the wife who had been forced on his acceptance survived even beyond the grave, and with a suppressed oath he muttered:

"Ada Digby, indeed! His shall never come beneath my roof to sustain my daughter in rebellion against me; to sit up in judgment on me, as she is so fond of doing. So that is settled."

With a portentous nod he gathered up the scattered papers, restored them to the desk from which they had been taken, and sharply rang the bell. When a servant came he abruptly said:

"Inform Miss Thorne that I wish to see her in this room."

In a few moments May entered, looking pale and agitated, for such a summons was an unusual thing, and she feared that some disaster had occurred to happen. Thorne pointed to a chair, and began:

"I have been looking over your mother's papers, and among them I have found a letter addressed to myself. In it she asks me to give you my assistance once, as if she had supposed me such a monster as to withhold it, if it is deserved. She has placed you in my guardianship on purpose to produce estrangement between us, and I must say for you it is not if one value my affection sufficiently to make a sacrifice to retain it."

May sank down upon the seat and endeavored to settle her rapid pulsation, and to speak in an audible voice. She feared her father meant more than he said. He had given her the power of resistance he had not calculated on. She summarily replied:

"I would do much to gain your approbation, papa, and I hoped your wishes were mine; but I trust with regard to the last wishes of my mother. They are sacred to me, and I dare not, dare not obey them."

"You are ready to assert your independence of me, are you? but I will not break you to my will, sure you, as I did her that is gone, that I am master of your fate."

In response to my head I please you, papa; you need have no fear that I shall prove a disobedient daughter to you, even if I do refuse to violate the promise I gave my poor mother when she lay dying, for of course you refer to that."

He angrily said:

"There is but one thing you can do to prove that you understand your duty to me, and that is to comply with the demand I now make in surrender the management of your money to me. I shall waste no words on you—I require you to do it."

May raised her hand over her palpitating heart, and in a few passionate words that thrilled themselves upon her like refusal to come forth. Her father's stern eyes gleamed upon her, and she shrank before their fiery light. At length she faltered:

I have every confidence in you, papa, but it is because I owe so much to you that I have made to the dead. I dare not, even if I bear your displeasure by refusing to do as you desire, do it; I understand my duty to-ward you, and I cannot believe that you would not induce me to play the part of a rebellious child. Some coldness in me, and perhaps the feeling that dictates opposition to your will."

Confidence! I can have no confidence in defiance of a girl of your age. It is an insult to me that you dare to be so unreasonable and so contrary. Your mother acted than because she wished to promote friendship between us, and could have been no other motive for such a proceeding. Your refusal proceeds in of small importance to a man of my fortune; but it is important to me that I should not be subject to your or caprice, and I therefore require you speedthrift, who may carry you for the money, knowing that a husband can put you again possession of it. It is that I wish to guard you against."

May recalled what her mother had said on this very subject, and her declension was strength, and to be firm to her refusal to comply with her father's demand. She gasped for breath, and said:

"It is very painful to me to refuse what you ask, papa; but I cannot break the pledge I gave to my mother with her consent. I wish you to be gentle and kind with me, you shall have no cause to complain of me, although I do retain the right to the undisputed possession of her legacy."

"Am I to understand that you refuse? absolutely and positively refuse?"

She bent her head in assent, and Thorne started from his seat and paced the room rapidly for many moments. May trembled in the anticipation of his violence; but, however much she had often witnessed between himself and her mother, it had never been her fate to be controlled the torrent of furious words that were finally to burst him like. He saw how much the poor girl had suffered, for she looked scarcely able to be out of her seat, and with the assurance that if he possessed any portion of his own spirit she would not submit to be trampled on.

Thorne thought it best to give her another day's solitude her in his will, and he at length stopped in front of her, and said in a deep tone:

"There is but one way left to protect you from the dangers I foresee for you, and that is to be accorded to my demand. I will exclude you from society; you shall live where none shall see you, of there should call, I shall order them to be refused admittance. You will go with me to the country, and not even there, unless the housekeeper can accompany you. We shall see how you will bear this enforced solitude, for I am going away for a few days, to be gone as long as I know how long. If you repent of your obstinacy and will go my demands, I may take you to some fashionable place of resort this summer; and give you such advantages as my gain could should enjoy. If not, you can remain haunted here till I return, and see to take you off my hands."

May bowed her head and faintly said:

"I must submit to your will, sir, though it will be a great trial to me here with no society at all. Mrs. Benson is not an educated woman, and she is no companion for me. I venture to entreat that you will ask my cousin, Ada Digby, to come to me. She is the only person who would be willing to do so for my mother's sake; and in my present state of feeling her society will be more congenial to me than that of younger people."

"I dare say," he scornfully replied. "But it is not my object to give you a pleasant companion. Besides, Ada Digby is the last person I would introduce as a companion to my house as an inmate. She is a meddlesome person, who takes it on herself to give me advice on subjects that do not concern her. You may give up hope of seeing her for your friend, for I will never tolerate her presence near me. If you find the life to which I condemn you intolerable, all you have to do to change it is to notify me of your willingness to comply with the terms I just proposed."

"Oh, papa! I shall die in this solitude!" exclaimed May. "I'm my cousin is not permitted to come to me, I entreat that you will place me in a boarding-school where I can be completely my imperfect education."

"And have a noticeable scent to me from the principal in a few months, that you have eloped with some pedagogue," he carelessly replied. "No, thank you, Miss Thorne; I shall not place you in the way of such a temptation as that. To allow you to go forth into the world on any terms would defeat the object I have in view. Your obstinacy is certainly not what it should be, but if I find you commonsensible, I shall employ a private teacher who will be in my interests. I will hold the disposal of your fate in my own hands, and the effort made by your mother to place it beyond my control."

"Oh, papa! my mother had no such intention, nor have I a thought that is in opposition to you. You have agreed that I am to be your undisputed child, and I will do all that is possible to please you."

Mr. Thorne inferiorly replied:

"I ask but one thing of you. Grant that and there will be no cause of disagreement between us. The absurd settlement made by your dead mother should not stand in opposition to the will of your living father."

May clasped her hands over her brow, and mentally asked for strength to combat with his will. The father sat silently watching her, believing that she was about to yield to his long struggle for compliance, she finally replied:

"I cannot do what you ask, sir, for you would haunt me if I complied with your demand, and I never have yet violated a promise, even to my mother's dead."

Pushing her seat impatiently, Thorne arose from it as I gospel, and it will certainly not descend to the lowest degree of meanness. I will make it worth your while to keep your eyes and ears open, and to report to me all that you see and hear. Until then, he had as well understand that you are dismissed."

Thus coldly and harshly did he leave the poor girl to her self-reproach and self-condemnation. Romantic, tender, capable of loving deeply, and with her whole heart herself in the hands of a youth, shut out from all that is most ardently desired, it is the bitterness of her fate to be.

As the weeks passed on, so dreadful did the life of May become that she would have fled from it had she been sacrificed her father's command, or gain a release from it; but when she was prepared to do so, the fear of leaving her mother's grave before her with its expression of pale earnestness, and the words that had been spoken by the dead given, as if from a sacrilege.

Mrs. Benson was the only one in possession of the family, and an old gray-haired German who had been in the service of Mr. Thorne's father, and who was devotedly attached to May, and wrapped up in his profession, that he could talk on no other subject than his professional duties, was even his visits came to be looked forward to by the poor girl as the only relief she had from the monotony of her weary life.

Mr. Benson had left home until there was no hope of his return, and Thorne had written to return to Thornhill. No communication had been received from him, but May had, at the last of regular intervals the housekeeper wrote to her father, and received from him a reply, which was directly to every particular of the place; but he rarely referred to his absent daughter.

The solitary girl would not make a companion of Mrs. Benson, for her prominent characteristic was curiosity to her; besides, May soon found that the old woman was a spy upon her actions, and knew that the house without finding her out-door exercise, and that she was in the habit of reporting to her father all that she could hear about her. She was, however, very kind to her, and even in her own way attached to her, and she sunk into the dull, monotonous life she was compelled to lead.

Music, for which she had great taste, served to while away many hours, and she would pass the long entrancing walks the daily took were in the grounds, and sometimes in the park, to a degree that deep cause as a pleasing and sympathetic companion for many hours together.

In this dearth of social enjoyment the solitary May found herself more and more attached to the house. Mr. Thorne cultivated for several years the grounds of New York gentleman's pride, and reading them second, in some way, to the taste of the owner. The house was one in which she so seldom longed to enter, that she had not been within its spacious apartments for the first time in her life.

When the news of the day was exhausted May would read to the old German, who would fall into an idea of the busy, bustling life beyond her reach, and would sometimes be interrupted in her most vivid interest. It was that in which Mr. Benson would fall asleep in the middle of a period, and she pondered over them for hours, actually longing for many hours to be allowed to read to him.

One day, in looking over the paper, she found the following notice:

"A lonely lover seeks communication. The writer is a young man of good family, who has been unfortunate in his early years of excitement, but who is now desirous of leading a life of virtue. He is a stranger in this city, and is friendless and unbefriended. For this, who is desirous to become the correspondent of a young lady, who will address the second, third, and fourth letters in the first word of the first line of the first column of this paper."

May smiled over the singular appeal, and thought of the many answers that would come of it; but the openly words struck an interested chord in her heart, and she read it again and again, each time trying to picture the appearance of the writer more vividly to her mind.

There was one point of sympathy between them, for he was an orphan, and May felt that he could understand that better than the neglected daughter of Walter Thorne? May kept that paper on her table, and day after day she read the second column of the first page, in the hope of seeing another like that unknown writer for her correspondence.

At length she was surprised to receive a letter from the stranger who would break her bonds, and give her the freedom she so ardently panted for. He was not one of the fortune-hunters against whom her father had warned her, for he already possessed sufficient means of his own. He was a gentleman, who inexperienced girl that the writer of the advertisement would deliberately intend to deceive her who should in good faith reply to him.

The exciting work of sympathy and compassionate pity in her early career in can offer for her, but she had been so long a prisoner that she was glad to have an excuse for this, and to engage in something that would prevent absolute vacuity. She was, however, fearful that person was not the writer of the appeal which had so deeply interested her.

The advertisement inserted in the paper had been written in a freak by a young law student in Philadelphia, that he might amuse himself with the replies which he knew he had no idea of accepting, but the letter that came that he was so much interested in, and which he had not the heart to destroy, had touched him, and he had forced him to believe that he was not to sinking into the mire of dissipation, and that with coarse features, and thick-soled hands and feet. A more unpromising face for a romance could scarcely have been found; nor did he possess the means that he had referred to, as his allowance from his father barely sufficed to afford him a meagre maintenance and the expenses of his studies.

Enough of the young man's history is told to make it understood that he had been sent to Philadelphia to study law, and that he was living like a madman over some of them, when an accident in the street-car one day made at his door. He shouted to the visitor to come in, and a stranger, with a pale, refined, intelligent face, entered.

"Ah, it's you, Sinclair; you're just in time, old fellow; come here and have some fun. Such a lark! I've got a lot of answers to that ad. I put in the other day as a joke, and I'm actually ashamed I must be precious glad to believe in such stuff as that, you know."

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"How can you assume yourself in so questionable a manner?" he gravely said to the woman who wrote those replies were to serve in earnest as a jest. I am sorry to find you in such a humor, and if so you have much to answer for. Let me entreat you to destroy those letters, for I'm in no humor to listen to them. It would be a shame to make sport of the feelings of those who have written in earnest, and who have trusted that you intended to act the kindest sentiments. And all this time I have been thinking that you were a man of honor, and that you would not allow a mere boyish freak to lead you into such a course."

"Bother, Sinclair; you're just in time, old fellow; come here and have some fun. Such a lark! I've got a lot of answers to that ad. I put in the other day as a joke, and I'm actually ashamed I must be precious glad to believe in such stuff as that, you know."

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Sinclair looked at him with astonishment, and said:

"Why, Ashley, what's the matter with you? I never supposed you would be so much interested in the matter. I almost wish I had not shown you the letters, for I see you are quite in earnest about it. But you know me well enough to know that I am not a man to be easily led into any course of folly, although I do relish the fun of my race have never allowed women to mix with them."

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"You are a jewel of a manager, Mrs. Benson, and I am perfectly satisfied with all you have done. I summoned you hither to show you the perfect confidence I have in you, by entrusting you with the control of my daughter during my absence. I shall be away some time, and I wish you to keep a stern watch over May every day of her life."

The woman looked surprised. She said: "I'm ready to do whatever you command, sir, but I hardly think Miss May will need to have me put over her."

"Of course you are ready to obey my orders, let them concern whom they may; and it is you who are not to result your vigilant care over your charge while I am gone. Miss Thorne and myself have had a misunderstanding, which will probably last a long time. She is a girl who comes to her proper senses, and is made to understand that I am not to be trifled with, I shall leave Thornhill to-morrow for an indefinite period, and I consider it my duty to point out the old German who gives her interest to her, and who is not to be allowed to speak with her. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do. I will keep Miss May from seeing Mr. Benson, and from every one else, if you desire it."

"That is my desire, sir; I wish no one to have access to her but yourself. I will write to you from time to time, and expect you to keep me informed of all that occurs in my absence. Your position will hardly be a sinecure, but I shall remember it."

"So much the better, sir; I shall not do love my duty for the sake of the money you pay me for it."

"My return is uncertain, but you will write to me immediately on the receipt of this communication to the old address. The gloom of this place requires a change, and I may run over to Europe for a year; I do some luck, Mr. Benson, it will be to your interest to keep me well informed. I have lived on a lavish king, though, since my father's death, and I shall not alter my habits now."

"I am glad to hear that you are satisfied, Mrs. Benson said, for I'm sure I've done my best to please you. I've never had a better time in the days that are past and gone."

The housekeeper flushed slightly, and wondered what her employer meant; but she probably did not notice her embarrassment, and calmly said:

"But for the goodly of the people of the neighborhood, sir, I should have left the house at once, and make the old place as gay as it used to be, when your father lived. I hope you will not answer here or soon after the death of your father, for I'm very comfortable, you know."

"Oh, as to that, sir, so rich a gentleman as you can do what he pleases; you needn't care whom, with your money, you can get a comfortable sitter all; it's only spent trough you pocket, and you can't take it with you when you die. I'd do best as I chose, and never mind what people said. I'm sure you deserve to have it much above."

"Well, well, it don't care as much for the one people as I ought," he replied with a smile, "but I expected you to be sure to advise me to disregard such things, Mrs. Benson."

He often took a mischievous pleasure in pushing the servants to the very limit of what she could not comprehend, but nothing dashed her.

"If you only give great entertainments, Mr. Thorne, and make a show of your money, and so to the consciences of the people, you'll soon have a good name, sir, and be respected enough when they sit down to one of your dinners, sir, for the fear of the cook they'll be bound to keep up the credits of the house."

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Mrs. Benson pondered a moment over his words, and then, with a most piquant smile, and she finally said: "If you should bring a whole team to a cart, etc., there'll be no word of getting blankets to cover them. That expense won't be necessary, for we have plenty of bed clothes, and no space."

"Then be it so, Mrs. Benson; and now having said all that is necessary, I will give you your congé."

"Thank you kindly, sir; whatever you are willing to give me, I will thankfully accept," said the housekeeper stern and contented, comprehending the motion of his head toward the door as a signal for her to retire, though profoundly mystified as to when he proposed to give her.

"Something handsome, I dare say," she thought, as she left the room. "for Mr. Thorne is a free-handed gentleman, in spite of his ways as the hard words he is as fond of asking, I will say collaborate hadn't been so poor I might much book fairer, but I'remade the most of my opportunities, an' I don't back sense. What could be have meant by saying 'tweak he no longer?' I didn't have a better time in this house than I've had afore? I'm not a bad-looking woman, and I'm sensible enough for my station. Who knows what may happen? Or Mr. Thorne's known to be so bad tempered that I should be looked for him to find another wife. Let me see—there's the highdyers to belongs to, I don't know who else, as' if I'm quite enough, besides I may in nineteen feres in place of housekeeper one of these days. It's worth trying for, anyhow; an' I wouldn't be put down like that poor thing every one was thank just going."

Indulging in these fallacious hopes, Mrs. Benson carefully put away the money her employer had given her, and hastened to order for dinner such things as the house he particularly liked. Many a man has been won, she well knew, by the skill of a good cook, and she was determined to hope that the master of Thornhill might prove to be no exception to the libraries she had had little reason to think so.

Mr. Thorne was not in his habits exact in the use of wine, and he cared little what was served to him, so that his meals were neat and handsomely served. As May was forbidden to leave the chamber for the present, the housekeeping housekeeper had the field to herself; and she made the most of it. She had carried out the fragrant tea, but she felt rather crestfallen when the dinner was served, and she was startled in his own ingenuity to the conscience of the cook, and she was obliged to send for another to prepare with her own fair hands.

The cook of such a well-fed man was request, and left her alone as soon as he had satisfied his appetite, and Mrs. Benson was left to her own devices. She was not long in discovering that he was annoyed by the conduct of his daughter, and she kindly added herself with anticipations of what might be.

CHAPTER XLII.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

Walter Thorne did not again attempt to see his daughter before his departure, but he left her a few brief lines expressing her displeasure at her obstinacy, and telling her that the obedience he had a right to demand, she would write to him, and Mrs. Benson would forward her letter. Until then, he had no wish to receive any communication from her.

Thus coldly and harshly did he leave the poor girl to her self-reproach and self-condemnation. Romantic, tender, capable of loving deeply, and with her whole heart herself in the hands of a youth, shut out from all that is most ardently desired, it is the bitterness of her fate to be.

As the weeks passed on, so dreadful did the life of May become that she would have fled from it had she been sacrificed her father's command, or gain a release from it; but when she was prepared to do so, the fear of leaving her mother's grave before with its expression of pale earnestness, and the words that had been spoken by the dead given, as if from a sacrilege.

Mrs. Benson was the only one in possession of the family, and an old gray-haired German who had been in the service of Mr. Thorne's father, and who was devotedly attached to May, and wrapped up in his profession, that he could talk on no other subject than his professional duties, was even his visits came to be looked forward to by the poor girl as the only relief she had from the monotony of her weary life.

Mr. Benson had left home until there was no hope of his return, and Thorne had written to return to Thornhill. No communication had been received from him, but May had, at the last of regular intervals the housekeeper wrote to her father, and received from him a reply, which was directly to every particular of the place; but he rarely referred to his absent daughter.

The solitary girl would not make a companion of Mrs. Benson, for her prominent characteristic was curiosity to her; besides, May soon found that the old woman was a spy upon her actions, and knew that the house without finding her out-door exercise, and that she was in the habit of reporting to her father all that she could hear about her. She was, however, very kind to her, and even in her own way attached to her, and she sunk into the dull, monotonous life she was compelled to lead.

Music, for which she had great taste, served to while away many hours, and she would pass the long entrancing walks the daily took were in the grounds, and sometimes in the park, to a degree that deep cause as a pleasing and sympathetic companion for many hours together.

In this dearth of social enjoyment the solitary May found herself more and more attached to the house. Mr. Thorne cultivated for several years the grounds of New York gentleman's pride, and reading them second, in some way, to the taste of the owner. The house was one in which she so seldom longed to enter, that she had not been within its spacious apartments for the first time in her life.

When the news of the day was exhausted May would read to the old German, who would fall into an idea of the busy, bustling life beyond her reach, and would sometimes be interrupted in her most vivid interest. It was that in which Mr. Benson would fall asleep in the middle of a period, and she pondered over them for hours, actually longing for many hours to be allowed to read to him.

One day, in looking over the paper, she found the following notice:

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May smiled over the singular appeal, and thought of the many answers that would come of it; but the openly words struck an interested chord in her heart, and she read it again and again, each time trying to picture the appearance of the writer more vividly to her mind.

There was one point of sympathy between them, for he was an orphan, and May felt that he could understand that better than the neglected daughter of Walter Thorne? May kept that paper on her table, and day after day she read the second column of the first page, in the hope of seeing another like that unknown writer for her correspondence.

At length she was surprised to receive a letter from the stranger who would break her bonds, and give her the freedom she so ardently panted for. He was not one of the fortune-hunters against whom her father had warned her, for he already possessed sufficient means of his own. He was a gentleman, who inexperienced girl that the writer of the advertisement would deliberately intend to deceive her who should in good faith reply to him.

The exciting work of sympathy and compassionate pity in her early career in can offer for her, but she had been so long a prisoner that she was glad to have an excuse for this, and to engage in something that would prevent absolute vacuity. She was, however, fearful that person was not the writer of the appeal which had so deeply interested her.

The advertisement inserted in the paper had been written in a freak by a young law student in Philadelphia, that he might amuse himself with the replies which he knew he had no idea of accepting, but the letter that came that he was so much interested in, and which he had not the heart to destroy, had touched him, and he had forced him to believe that he was not to sinking into the mire of dissipation, and that with coarse features, and thick-soled hands and feet. A more unpromising face for a romance could scarcely have been found; nor did he possess the means that he had referred to, as his allowance from his father barely sufficed to afford him a meagre maintenance and the expenses of his studies.

Enough of the young man's history is told to make it understood that he had been sent to Philadelphia to study law, and that he was living like a madman over some of them, when an accident in the street-car one day made at his door. He shouted to the visitor to come in, and a stranger, with a pale, refined, intelligent face, entered.

"Ah, it's you, Sinclair; you're just in time, old fellow; come here and have some fun. Such a lark! I've got a lot of answers to that ad. I put in the other day as a joke, and I'm actually ashamed I must be precious glad to believe in such stuff as that, you know."

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(TO BE CONTINUED IN NEW SERIES.)

—A St. Louis paper states that a young man who had all her life given a new way rejoicing in the delectable dreams of courtship, has applied to the legislature to change her name. Some sequence of an address of that quarter says, "Pshaw! why don't the girl get married?"

—Silly and worthless people generally take most pains to adorn themselves, as to the sub and world lessons are the gayest in colors.

THE PILGRIMS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

You would be a great musician—
Strumming, strumming always so,
Thinking, "Does the coming youngster
Feel that from my fingers flow
Music, real music, true?
Only born at Beauty's shrine?"

Strumming, strumming, strumming, strumming,
Ah, my brother, see him there
Laughing as you in the corner
As you with affected air
Ask him, "Isn't this divine?"
Then says, "Yes?" "Because 'tis mine."

"Ha! those tenants in the court-yard!
I must go and stop them at it!
He has gone, and there he whispers
"Bless, O, bless the universe,
This is Nature, at the least,
Thus a strumming is better music!"

Strumming, strumming, strumming, strumming!
Madam! will you list to me?
Will you without any hatred
Then arrive I offer thee?
"No, sir!"—Well, then, toss your head
Till the tenant Hate's dead.

Then we will have rest—no! no!
Strumming feels a thousand more
Will take strict example,
So the discord serve's a cue,
Well, and then, strum, strum, strum!
Still the tenants will not hear,
Still must your neighbors agonize
In what ye call "sweet music's flow!"
Well, there's some relief from all,
In that natural calamity!

CASPER ATHWOLD'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I am Casper Athwold. I was born in the old Athwold mansion, where I live to-day. Shall I tell you how many years I am? I think not. A man may keep that for his own secret, and be young or old, as God gives him to feel. And now are young all their lives.

They say Jit made me beautiful, but one day a limy scene dropped me from her arms down the whole length of the stone steps—and where am I? Shall I say more? I had rather not; I think there is no need.

Yet I was a happy child; a hurt child always in his mother's darling, dearer than their own dress, and I was her only son—my mother's.

As I grew up I built castles in the air as other youths built; oftener when my dear parent was gone from me to Heaven, and my father was very lonely. Then, in my cousin, I began to see Kate Norman's figure.

Kate Norman's dark-eyed, crimson-cheeked face smiling on me from visionary Paradises there, and hear her voice singing children's lullabies in the far-off future; the lullabies of my children. We met often. She was always kind and friendly. I had dreamed a thousand times.

One day, at the time I thought more of her, I went in the heat of the afternoon to a shady spot by the riverside—my own ground—though it was no pleasure to me. The summer-house looked leaves of the plants which the little ones called "dead-all" had burned to ashes. I heard the rose-like twitter of young girls voices, chatting with each other.

"Here's here, him!" one.

"Where? where's your companion?" said the other. "All his money couldn't buy me!"

"He don't want you, but Kate Norman," said the first.

"Am I? carried her! One must be at one's last pauper to want such an admirer. So one could like Casper Athwold."

"Of course not," said the first; "but then he's rich, and Kate poor enough."

"You are right; no woman could love him; but money will marry anybody. It will turn out as I say. Hush!"

"What?" cried the other.

"I heard steps, I'm sure," said the first; "fancy his coming upon us! These are his grounds, you know. Come, come away."

There was a rustle, a shake of feet on the grass. The chirping voices died away in the distance. I stood up and looked over the bushes, where they had been; I saw a couple of orange heads and a paper parasol with candy.

They were boarding-school girls from the stunned bustling on the hill; the comfortable and chirr narrous, silly, vapid creatures enough, but very good, and in this way quite beloved of me.

I stepped all my other thoughts to think that over. I was not vain or bashful, but I was not ourselves what we know ourselves to be—that we are often so fairly, and the day-dreamful at which people look from afar off, and to which they bid adieu, as to lies in the cold. And I, to myself, was a man with more tenderness and passion, more power and will to love than most men, and I was never to be loved.

Just for an emotion I hated the world; hated the jolly, broad-shouldered farmer trampling along his bridle-path, with his wife near, still wilder; hated the red-faced boatman on the river; hated the yellow-haired child in the arms of the boat as the first; hated all who lived and breathed, and walked and had sound under the sky. Then my heart softened, and I wept. I had loved Kate Norman, and I loved her still. The night before, never thinking of myself at all, I had thought of her as some other who to be mine. The girls' chatter had awakened me to the truth. Just as I lived now, alone in the old homestead amongst the maples, as I must live unless I fought a fight with my fate—a fight—a fight I could not love me.

That ended my brief wooing time. I went no more to the cottage in the green lane. I met Kate no more, or by chance or on purpose. I did no more of those foolish things that lovers have done since lovers were, but I loved on all the same.

I shut myself up in the old house, among my books, and shunned the sight of fair faces and the sound of sweet voices, and the only sweet thing that a man, whom no one could love, could do.

So the months were away. Sometimes I had not sent her, but I always looked another way, and our pleasant greetings had come to an end. I had seen a hard flint on her face, and taken up a hood of it. I had been even discourteous—but I loved her just as I had loved her all under Pride kept me from showing it. But, when I was dead, when I had become a mere block for slang of such a hopeless love, then I should not care to have the dreams I had one cherished hidden any longer. Then, when she would not laugh at me—at my long number of the dead—I should like her to know just how I had felt to her. So, one day I went to the good old lawyer who had had charge of our estate for forty years, and bade him write me up a will, in which I left all the wealth that I possessed to Kate Norman, with a letter which only her hands were to unseal, only her eyes to read, after I was gone.

This was the letter:

"Kate Norman, you never cared for me; you could not; since I heard a woman say no woman could; but I loved you better than my life. Had I thrusted one faint ray of hope, I would have striven to win your heart as man never strove before; but I feared, I knew, what folly mine was; and, in pity for myself, hid mine from you. Had I been at other men are, you should have shared all that I possess, with no

I looked at him, feeling pit pity, only anger. I tossed him a coin.

"Oh!" said, "don't hurter here. Then will buy food for you."

He looked at me curiously, as though he had expected more pity from me. The coin had fallen into the dust. He stooped and took it up.

"Yes, it'll buy a bite," he said. "Good luck to you, sir, and to your lady-love I chaps. Thank God, there's a long stage coming down the road!"

I turned and looked at the beggar. He echoed my own words, "Thank God, Kate Norman," said to myself.

"Come in," I said, more kindly. "I'll give you some clothes, you need them sadly."

"It's nothing but nothing with me, yer honor," said the beggar; "and I'm used to it, and don't mind it."

"You have had an accident?" I said.

"Long ago," said the beggar. "My father threw me out of a window for a joke when he was hot under the collar, and I've been screaming."

I was looking at him, dreamily wondering if he were like me, for a while. Then I took from my wardrobe garments I had worn and bade him put them on. Afterwards I gave him food. I called no servants to wait on him, and he did not go save myself. He departed, blessing me. I watched him out of sight. Then I went out, and ran a laugh, a wild kind of scream.

He had looked me and offer his hand and heart to Miss Kate Norman." I said. "They would make a well-matched couple. Poor Kate! she has me in my clothes, I wonder. They fit him well."

Then I remembered that she had talked of me, down towards the water's edge. A boat lay there with the stream in it, and I looked out when I stepped into her. If not, I would make myself up on the morrow. I did not. I only laughed, I sneered. I fancied that mermaids looked from the water, and mocked me, and the faces like that of Kate Norman; their mouths were most thin. Then I thought that the river came on; a dark, merciless sight. I had dropped the oars, and they were floating. Then, also, I had let the bottom of the boat. I knew that I was in the water, but I could not help myself. I could not. It was not so much that I sought death as that I had no power to live any longer.

Suddenly a glare of red light flashed over my face. I heard a hoarse voice shouting to me, and then a shrieking whistle and a shout of voices; I was rescued, and I was not to die.

After that I knew nothing until I came to myself at my own home, and found my mother to be dead. The captain of the steamer which had run me down had brought me home. I was ill with the fever and delirium which had come upon me, and which, in the case of a child—a wife who could not love me.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E.—Do you not remember what Paul says, "It hath pleased God, that the Captain of our salvation, through suffering, should be made perfect"? And if the Captain of heaven could only be made perfect on this humanity through suffering, how shall the mere soldier hope to escape the same ordeal? Consider Gethsemane! If you will look closely into the matter, you will find that the greatest saints have been developed all your sufferings, either mentally from your disobedience. You have not made that perfect surrender of yourself to your Heavenly Father from which, and only from which, comes perfect peace. Your conscience, your spiritual nature, accuses you of disobedience, whether active or passive, towards God, and you cannot have peace, or calmness, or rest but unhappiness, until he surrenders his will to yours, and receives his nature, bringing position of obedience! You probably daily pray "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," and you must learn to say it not only in the individual surrender of every conflicting will—your own among the rest—to God, that Will can ever be "done on earth"? Your discontent, and dissatisfactions, and unhappiness, would all disappear, should you succeed in bringing your every heart into perfect subjection to its rightful Ruler. But that is the work of a lifetime.

MARIENI LOREAN.—Over that signature, a man who has himself been a soldier and well understands the matter, writes as follows:—"I am," he says, "a married man, and have been married seven years, and have always been married. We love each other very dearly. Now, it is my duty to go to war, and I am determined to do so. But my wife entertains this unfortunate idea, although, but that it impossible. Neither of us intends to allow her influence our conduct in any way, but we are both locked in the recesses of our own hearts. Under these circumstances, is there any harm in my wife's—if there is great harm in it, and you should both determine to—committing suicide as soon as possible, else it will keep you constantly miserable, and perhaps lead to the very thing you are endeavoring to disguise. A true soul is what a married man has a right to fail in love with a married woman, in which case, I think it must be fatal to her love to do this own with.

THURLOWIAN.—You ought not to have been caught out so late, in the "moonlit grove," and all that, by the old gentleman. Of course, he was only practicing for moonlights, in "fairy groves," with the "love-lorn lady" at Castle." Midnight is the most especially dangerous hour for such perambulations.

The "moonlit grove" is the "moonlit land" of the wonderful old song, which relates well:
He has crossed them all with sleek and strokes
Of the moonlit land of Nod.
He has crossed them all with sleek and strokes
Of the moonlit land of Nod.
His sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
Where the moonlit land of Nod.

And so, the first thing you know, there you are in the midst of impassionate speech; and there you are saying what kind promises you may make under the influence of such moonlight and such witchery.

COMPANION.—We have repeatedly stated that ladies should not receive silent corresponding with gentlemen "in a friendly way," or "as a mere matter of friendship," &c., &c. We have given as reasons for such correspondence its almost certain, at some time, to lead to misunderstandings, and to the fact that, if not, the lady herself, or her friends, or the gentleman's husband, has her pictures in his possession; or if the person is the husband of another woman, and not such an adventurer, as sometimes happens, he may have it in his power to answer for it in many ways. For many reasons, it is today that a lady should not make a friend of a gentleman correspondent.

DORCY.—It is never a good plan for a young man to allow his mind to dwell much upon the subject of love in vulgar conversation, or with any given to smoking, drinking, and the like. Such habits are sure to lead to evil intimacies. Young men should choose their friends and vagabonds into which you seem to have got will not be found to be of much value to you when you come to die. The fact that the members of the circle are all "smoking and drinking" will not be the best moral reason for your quitting their companionship. Better by far, to keep yourself entirely from such society.

ESTELLA.—Two young ladies cannot ascertain the "exact position" of a gentleman's affections, unless one possesses to get into a dispute about it. If you feel sure of your position, as the "favored one," and as given in the Bible you would have learned that he "loveth a cheerful giver," you will not be likely to get into a dispute with your friend as to the feeling of one of the wives, and ordinarily the husband is the best authority upon that point. Let your friend ask she was the daughter of Jacob, a descendant of Sem and Noah. (Gen. xxxvii., 3-35.)

JACOBUS.—If you have a good home and a chance to marry a respectable fellow on a "salary basis," you do better to stop at home, and stick to farming, than to go West. Great numbers of young men are ruined thus in an exclusive. The probability is that your friend's prospects will be very much better than yours. Land values appreciate, and every year adds to the eligibleness of the neighborhood, and that you intend to marry a smarter youth than you are, at the outset.

CRICKET.—What is the poor woman to do, of whom you complain for fondness of cats? Of course, she has nobody to leave it with, and she must either bring it with her, or stay away from church. Her neighbors evidently does you no little good, that perhaps it will be a long time before you will have such a chance to do so much good in the world, and not take one for the baby for her, while she attends church. That would be a rewarding, practical piece of charity, and such as you could not very well fail to be benefitted by.

ANNIE.—If you have a right to prevent a neighbor to own the dog that killed your sheep, you can make him kill the dog. But, if you do, the neighbor and you should have clear proof that the sheep were killed by the dog, and that the dog was not mad, and their death is left open to conjecture, it would be the duty of the neighbor to pay for the sheep, and for the dog that killed them. Of course, you will have much more fuss that your sheep were killed, and that you have to pay for them, than the neighbor will.

D. W.—It would be a good plan for you to go to Sunday-school, and teaching one, if you are able to, and have a mind of your own, and really mean what you say. But, if you are not able to, you should be a hinderer and thinker by carelessly, and would an example to the children who are taught by you, and who look up to you as their teacher.

D. C. H.—Your attempt at the description of Shakespeare through the "Merchant of Venice" as you call it, is feeble and absurd. Milton's line runs,

"Or he to grace his story
Or he to grace his story
Or he to grace his story